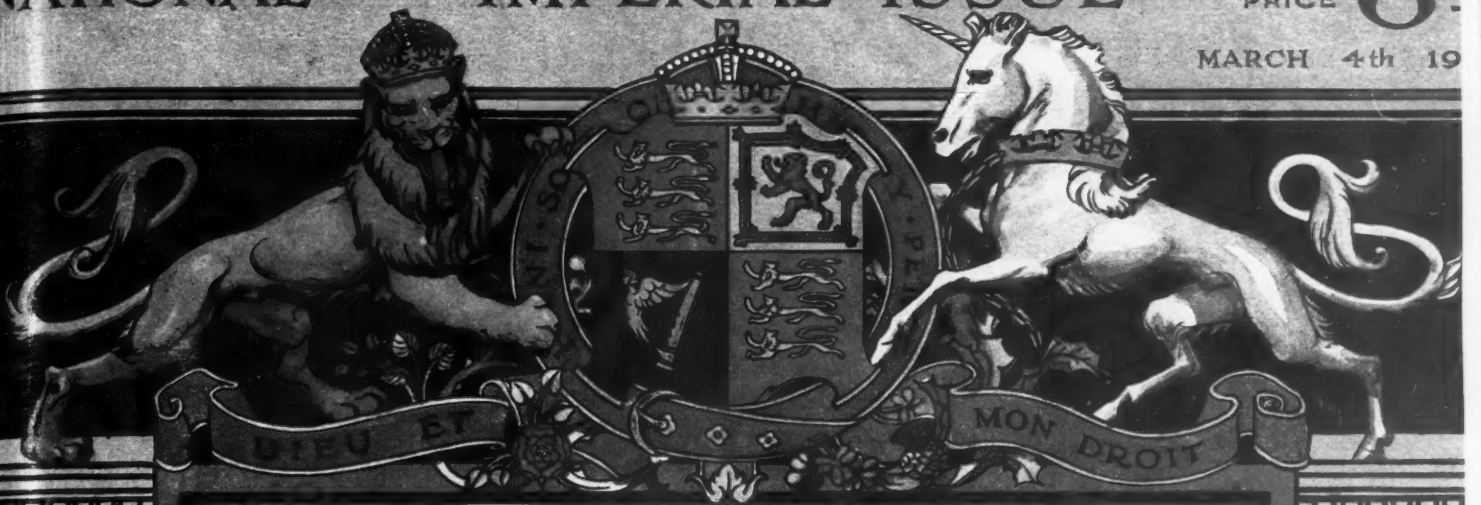


# COUNTRY LIFE

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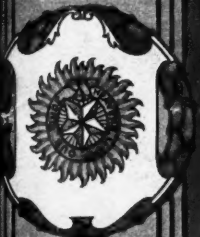


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# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXXIX.—No. 1000.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4th, 1916.

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H. WALTER BARNETT.

33, Tothill Street, S.W.

"LONG LIVE THE KING!"



# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES:—20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

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The War Office notifies that from now onward all papers posted to any neutral European country will be stopped, except those sent by publishers and newsgathers who have obtained special permission from the War Office. Such permission has been granted to COUNTRY LIFE, and subscribers who send to friends in Denmark, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Greece, and Roumania should order copies to be despatched by the Publisher from 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

## ONE CAUSE, ONE EMPIRE

IF any reason were required for giving a national and imperial character to this, our one thousandth issue, it would be found in the fact that no people under the sun prize country life more than the British, and that the journal which more than any other reflects this tendency is by the fact national and imperial. The ambition natural to our countrymen is to own land; the instinct to cultivate is the ideal relaxation to surrender to its pleasures. But always in the history of the most peace-loving and pastoral nations there comes a time when a stubborn neighbour is moved by the sight of prosperity to make an envious attack. In primitive times the tiller of the soil on such an occasion

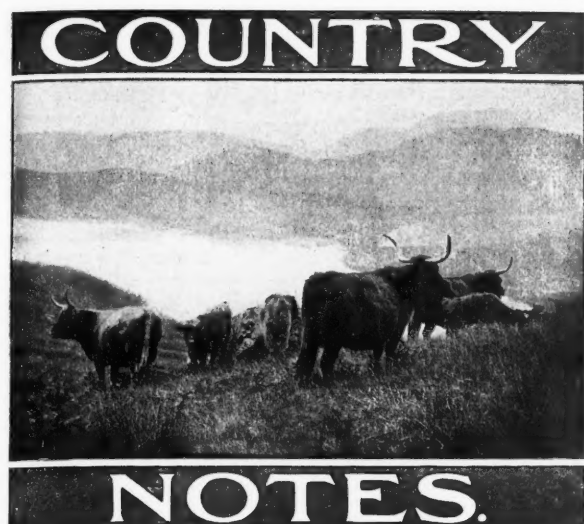
flung down his spade or his plough and, seizing a club, called his sons and relatives to repel the invader. We may assume that they did not reply only for the purpose of protecting their progenitor, but felt that the aggression was directed as much against their property as his and that, consequently, they were all landed in the same quarrel.

On a vastly larger scale the same thing has happened with the British Empire. Germany's quarrel was primarily with England because England is the centre and mouth-piece of the whole; but long before hostilities broke out she had made every effort to foment trouble in the distant parts of the Empire. In fact, there can be no doubt that Germany calculated most absolutely on the collapse of the British Empire at the challenge of war. Bernhardt and others did not conceal their belief that Canada would, at such an occurrence, cross over to the United States, and the crimes that have been committed in the Dominion since then bear unmistakable witness to Teutonic disappointment. It was believed even more sincerely that at the sound of a German cannon the whole white population of South Africa would rise against British rule. Not only so, but deep schemes had been laid for the promotion of rebellion. The Kaiser and his counsellors could not believe that in little more than a decade after the South African War the British should have established the most loyal feelings among those they have been fighting against. Nor could he understand the character and ability of General Botha, whom he evidently considered to be a person easily bought. We need not go over the events that disillusioned the Germans in regard to these points. It is only necessary to refer to the fact that, save in East Africa, there is to-day no German colony on that continent.

In Australia the same dark machinations had gone on. Somehow the Germans had come to believe that the bond uniting Great Britain with her splendid offspring in the Southern Hemisphere was so slight that it would break at any sharp crisis. But they forgot that German rule is as repugnant to the Imperialist in Sydney and Melbourne as to the Imperialist in London or Aberdeen. One of our contributors to-day directs attention to the Australian dislike to the use of the word "gratitude" in a reference to the service they have rendered the Empire. The word "gratitude" indeed is out of place altogether. Australia, Canada, Africa, India and Great Britain are fighting, not out of benevolent feelings towards one another, but because the cause is common to all. Hun domination will be tolerated just as little in the extremes of the Empire as in the centre. This is where the Kaiser has failed. He may have succeeded in arms beyond expectation up to the present time; he may have raised an economic strength in Germany that will withstand the efforts to starve the country into submission; but his attempt to sow discord in the Empire has been a failure absolute and complete. The effect produced has been the opposite of what he intended. The menace of Germany being established as the paramount Power in every part of that Empire on which the sun never sets has kindled an enthusiasm of opposition which is as overwhelming as it was unexpected. Take the various spokesmen who say their say in the present issue. Each one has a very similar tale to tell, whether that tale be of Canada, India or Australia. They do not indulge in mere vacuous compliments paid either to the Colonies or to the Mother Country, but have many definite criticisms to put forward. This does not matter as long as they are suggested in the right way. Fault-finding is one of the most useless of occupations, but to sit down and study what are the imperial lessons to be drawn from a great war is serious and useful work, especially when it is undertaken by the joint author of one of the best books on the Empire that has been published for a long time. We are sure that every reader of COUNTRY LIFE will greatly enjoy the hearty and convincing essay on the loyalty and patriotism of India. Here is a wide dominion on which German eyes have been cast for many decades in the hope that it would break away from British rule at the first excuse. But the event has completely belied this prophecy. Nothing more splendid has occurred with regard to the war than the exhibition of impetuous and determined zeal with which the King's Indian subjects have seized the opportunity of fighting side by side with the English troops. They are proud of being admitted to that great brotherhood.

\*.\* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.





**B**Y the irony of chance it happens that COUNTRY LIFE, which has ever been the advocate of peaceful rural pursuits, should have to celebrate an important stage in its history during the din of war. It makes us almost cry with the Psalmist: "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" The Kaiser, as it happens, has selected the moment for his boldest stroke, and the anxiety of the world waits the result. That is why we have made it the occasion to produce a National and Imperial Number. Its main contents will inspire perfect confidence as to the ultimate result. Even the Germans know in their hearts that if they have failed, as failed they have, to sow dissension in the Colonies the British Empire must prevail in the end. The picture which our contributors, acting independently of each other, have drawn of the bond of union uniting its various parts must convince the most sceptical that the Kaiser is fighting not only these islands but the great British Empire animated by one spirit and joined in a common cause. That is the main point to be considered just now, but attention to it need not cause us wholly to neglect the finer side of life represented by all that this journal stands for—beauty, order, effort.

**MR. McKENNA'S** Committee appointed to enquire into the possibility of retrenchment in national expenditure was too much restricted in its operation. It was not allowed to consider questions of policy already decided by Parliament. The effect of this may be illustrated by a reference to the cost of the Civil Service. Since 1895 this has risen from £32,000,000 to £90,000,000, or nearly 200 per cent. But the Committee could make no radical suggestions in regard to economy in this direction because the increase in the Civil Service Estimates is largely due to Old Age Pensions, National Insurance, Labour Exchanges, Education, new Agricultural Departments in Ireland and Scotland, Irish Congested Districts Board, Mental Efficiency and other forms of expenditure which are authorised by Act of Parliament. That investigation should stop where it has does not seem wise at all. We are spending £5,000,000 a day on the war and many projects which received the sanction of Parliament during days of prosperity will have to be dropped now unless bankruptcy is to follow. The nation is in the position of a very generous man who has been in the habit of providing for a considerable number of more or less deserving poor relations, but adverse times come and he finds that he can continue doing this no longer. Indeed, if he stubbornly adheres to the old scale past a certain limit, he is bringing ruin upon himself.

**AS** it was, the Committee were able to put forward a certain number of useful suggestions which deserve to be carried out, although the savings effected will not go a long way towards meeting the expenses of the war. Thus the staffing arrangements of the Civil Service might very well be revised and, in some cases, the hours of work extended. We all know that there are many positions in the Civil Service which make so little call upon the energies of the holder that he is able to pursue an altogether different calling at the same time. Another recommendation is a less expensive standard of building construction, and here a finger has been put upon a real waste-pipe. Most people will agree that the minimum school age should be raised to five, and

they would not quarrel if the age were fixed at six or even seven; but the saving effected will not be important. The number of Health Insurance Commissioners might very well be reduced, and, in fact, it may be necessary in the end to make a very drastic reform of a system that has been gradually becoming more bureaucratic during the last few years. The impression at any rate is abroad that the services of a great many officials might be dispensed with. Take those that were engaged in the great scheme for the valuation of property. Their labours were entirely lost because the value of land and houses has been completely altered by the war and no one at present can tell whether it will be left in the end up or down. The curtailment of the Long Vacation and reorganisation of the Circuit County Court systems is wholesome in idea, although, again, the economy is not likely to be so great as to have a perceptible effect in meeting the taxation which will have to be met shortly.

#### THE SECRET.

Was your dawn too bright for a cloudless noon?  
Was the bud too frail for the perfect flower?  
Did you wake too soon  
From the dream of youth in its morning hour?—  
From your passionate youth with its prayers and sinnings,  
Its sudden pauses and rash beginnings,  
Its faith and its startled ecstasy,  
And its rainbow promise of days to be.

What was it brought to those watching eyes  
The faint amusement of toleration?  
And the hoary wisdom of compromise  
To that golden tongue,  
That babbled folly and inspiration  
When hope was young?  
Is it saint or coward, beloved, say,  
Who walks aloof from the world to-day  
In the still, grey twilight of resignation?

ISABEL BUTCHART.

**BY** its meeting this week in London, the Association of Chambers of Commerce assumed a great and authoritative position. The country stands greatly in need of direct and clear light upon the greatest of all the lessons of the war. It was stated in a resolution moved by the President, Sir Algernon Firth, that "The strength and safety of the Nation in times of national peril lie in the possession by this Nation of power to produce its requirements from its own soil and its own factories." While fully endorsing this enunciation of principle, our particular business lies more with the soil than with the factories, and the problem immediately before us is how to translate this idea from a nebulous aspiration into an effective policy. Some produce a cure-all at once in the shape of a tariff on foodstuffs, but upon this it is premature to pronounce an opinion. But there are many things to be done apart from legislation. The principal of them may be enumerated as, the substitution of intensive for extensive cultivation, so that the bulk of our food crops may be increased per unit of land; the second is that all cultivatable soil should be brought under the plough in order to enlarge the area from which our food is obtained; thirdly, crops like sugar beet should be grown to feed sugar factories and to increase the crop-bearing quality of the soil. Here are three definite lines of action, all of which are calculated to produce the effect aimed at by the Associated Chambers of Commerce.

**OUR** readers will have learned with more than usual regret that Mr. Henry James, after long illness, died on Monday afternoon. This is not the moment to attempt any cold dispassionate analysis of the novelist's place in the world of literature. Mainly it will be remembered that in the hour of national trial he was naturalised as an Englishman, and that this arose from an ardent love of this country which had grown during many years of residence. This was the more gratifying because, in spite of the restraint characteristic of his writing, the recognition of his fine personality had spread far beyond the circle of those who knew him well. It was first indicated by the high esteem in which he was held by Andrew Lang, R. L. Stevenson, and others of that circle, of whom so many passed away before him. But nobody could have the slightest communication with Mr. James without discovering the noble frankness and sincerity, the kindness and brotherliness that emanated from him. Moreover, his life as disclosed in his own memoirs was one of the most fascinating in the history of letters. To his father,

a thinker and student who did not at all care to become vocal, he owed much, not only in the way of a singularly free and original training but by direct heritage. His brother, almost as famous as himself, though in a different intellectual walk, was also his close friend, and the reaction on his sensitive mind of continued contact with that homely but able philosopher, is traceable alike in his conduct and his work.

AT the time of writing Germany is making what may perhaps turn out to be the final and certainly is the most determined thrust of the war. The character of the attack on Verdun ought to put an end to all belief in the idle rumours representing Germany to be exhausted, weak and unable to withstand a determined offensive. On the contrary, the assault was opened with all the vigour and rush which is characteristic of the Teutonic temperament. There was no lack either of men or of heavy guns. The fighting has been the most severe witnessed in the war, and the French have on the whole not got the best of it. On the other hand, they are serenely confident, and this confidence is shared by the most competent British observers. At any rate, no plea of surprise can be put forward. It has been known at French Headquarters for some time that the Germans were massing great forces, under the nominal command of the Crown Prince, opposite Verdun, that the huge Austrian howitzers had been brought to the scene for the evident purpose of smashing in trenches, and that, in fact, elaborate preparations were on foot for a great offensive whose ultimate object was Paris. Colonel Repington, who could never be accused of being a too sanguine or optimistic critic, nevertheless rubs his hands with glee over this movement. He closes his article by saying "Let the Germans exhaust themselves and completely expose their hand; our time will come then."

THIS is all in accord with what we have heard both at home and at the front. Nevertheless, it would be folly to disguise the fact that this terrific onset is causing a certain amount of anxiety. History is full of instances of the impossible being achieved by determined leaders. Evidently the Kaiser has made up his mind, as the old Scotch adage has it, either to make the spoon or spoil the horn. If the French and British military authorities are right, we are getting near an event which will bring the end of the war appreciably nearer; but it is not a time for over-confidence, and a feeling of relief will be experienced when the German advance is finally and definitely stopped. When that happens, or before, if possible, it is to be hoped that the Allied armies will abandon their defensive tactics and revert to the practice enjoined in the old axiom that the best defence is a counter-attack. In the conduct of their campaign the Germans have always shown an appreciation of the advantages conferred by getting in the first blow, and it would certainly appear to be desirable that payment should be made to them in their own coin.

PROFESSOR SPENSER WILKINSON delivered a very interesting lecture before the University of Oxford on February 26th on "The Way to Victory." It has been printed and issued by the firm of Constable as a tractate of twenty-seven pages and is well worth reading. The point at which Professor Wilkinson arrives hinges on the decision in the Order in Council on January 27th: "The Chief of the Imperial General Staff shall be responsible for issuing the Orders of the Government in regard to military operations." Professor Wilkinson approves of these arrangements, but objects that the Chief is not brought into direct contact with the Prime Minister, and the Prime Minister is the person responsible for the direction of the war. In the case when he is a civilian, like Mr. Asquith, he can only be so by keeping in the closest touch with a strategist who has a thorough understanding of the actual conditions. At the present time it is not practicable to have a military commander as Prime Minister, if for nothing else, for the simple reason that no military commander has yet given proof of that distinguished merit which would entitle him to the post. Professor Wilkinson argues that Mr. Asquith should have at his elbow the Minister of Operations and the Minister of Army Administration in order that through them he may take charge of the general direction of the war. It was this distribution of business which was adopted by Napoleon in 1805, and was the system of the Indian Army in the days of its best Commander-in-Chief, Lord Roberts, and of its best administrators, Sir George Chesney and Sir Henry Brackenbury.

LONDON has good cause to lament the loss of Sir Laurence Gomme. Not only did he render unique service to public interests during the many years he served London as Clerk to the London County Council but his learning was great in everything that pertained to the history of its governance. Yet his interests and erudition as an antiquary were not limited to his birthplace. A former president of the Folklore Society, and since 1877 a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, his labours in ethnology and early history are garnered in many books and papers. Only a few months ago the raid on Scarborough stirred him to contribute to these pages a characteristic essay on the invasions which England had suffered in the past. An eager mind, an erudite student, and a loyal friend, he could have no better epitaph than "A Great Londoner."

IN discussing small holdings it is very usual to say that only the best land is suitable; but a correspondent who has had much practical experience in regard to the working of small holdings writes to suggest that we should try to modify this general opinion. In his view, the most suitable soil for the small holding should be moderately light. If by a heavy soil clay is meant, then it is extremely unsuitable. Clay soil can, it is true, be made to yield highly satisfactory results, but scarcely by a smallholder. The successful method is to crowd men on to the working of it whenever the conditions are suitable. If clay is too wet the attempt to work it will do harm rather than good; if too dry it becomes as hard as a brick. The good cultivator knows that on clay land he must be prepared to do the work of a month in a fortnight.

#### AGRO ROMANO.

The slow carts creak across the plain,  
The dust lies thick on hedge and road,  
I hear the jangling bells again  
As the mules pass with heavy load.

The plain lies there, an empty space  
Whose every flower and fruit are plucked,  
And gaunt upon that desert place  
Stands the gaunt ruined aqueduct.

Far off I see through wreaths of mist  
The houses and the hills of Rome,  
Where the first golden rays have kissed  
The pearl-pale wonder of the Dome.

There to the north Soracté stands,  
Remote and uncompanioned hill,  
Lonely amid those lonely lands—  
A sleeping lion bowed and still.

Now all the plain is bathed in light,  
The wind comes delicate and free,  
And like a ribbon winding, white,  
The road goes down to Tivoli.

ISABEL CLARKE.

IN view of the restrictions about to be imposed by the Government on the importation of paper and paper making materials and the consequent shortage of supplies, readers who wish to make sure of obtaining "Country Life" would greatly oblige by placing a firm order for the paper with their newsagent or bookstall clerk. Owing to the scarcity of paper it will be impossible, in the future, to provide for ordinary chance sales of the paper. Readers who are interested in "Country Life" would be doing the paper a considerable service in ordering their copies from their own newsagent or bookstall clerk, or direct from the offices of the paper.

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# LOOKING BACK & LOOKING FORWARD

## A LETTER TO THE READERS OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

A JOURNAL that has been one of the great successes of its time would readily be forgiven if the publication of its thousandth issue were made an occasion to celebrate its triumphs, but it may be more interesting, as it will certainly be more congenial, to tell a little about that co-operation of the public in which our strength has lain. Many a new and fine idea has been launched in vain because it did not conform to the *Zeitgeist*, the Spirit of the Age, in which it came into being. It was the good fortune of COUNTRY LIFE to get into work at once with that movement towards a renewed cultivation of beauty and taste which it was our task to render articulate.

Twenty years ago there was a dawn and beginning of many changes fated to grow and intensify. It was manifested in many ways, of which perhaps the most conspicuous was found in the desire for a better type of dwelling house, one that not only satisfied the Victorian ideal of comfort, but alike in its proportions and surroundings perpetually yielded pleasure to the aesthetic sense. As Mr. Avray Tipping has dealt very fully with this branch of our activities, I will not pursue the topic further than to point out that the discovery of the national treasures in the way of domestic architecture was glorified by a photography of these houses which has never been surpassed. Considering how in the comparatively short period of our existence so many of them have been destroyed by fire or an equally deadly because ignorant "restoration," it is plain that our thousand numbers constitute a record to be considered in the future as an historical document. Nor is it necessary to do more than touch lightly on that concomitant of the country house, the garden. COUNTRY LIFE came into existence simultaneously with an awakening to the conventionalism and formality of the Victorian garden, and

a renewed appreciation of natural grace, harmonious colour and general freedom. The movement was spreading wide and far till the great war temporarily checked it. While the war goes on the duty lies on us to keep the light of this movement burning, so that when it is over it may be the easier to resume and enlarge the good work.

It would be ungrateful indeed not to acknowledge how much of the credit is due to you, our readers. When we began, English journalism was copying extensively from that of America, without regard to the fact that our cousins across the Atlantic were reforming their ways. At any rate, staring headlines, interviews, hunts for personal paragraphs and gossip, were opposed to the character of the English country gentleman, to whom privacy is sacred. What unlocked so many doors was an early recognition of the fact that COUNTRY LIFE concentrated its efforts on discovering whatever made for refinement of taste and improvement of building—on the thing and not the person. Help, encouragement, criticism, information rained in from many quarters when it was recognised that the noble country houses were illustrated and described with a dignity and reticence worthy of their owners, and with a single-hearted desire to study them for their merits and instructiveness.

Other activities of the open air were attended to with equal zeal. No art of our time has developed so much and so quickly as natural history photography. Speaking broadly, it began when the nineteenth century was wearing round to its last quarter, and in the beginning was confined to motionless subjects. It was a great achievement to present for the first time a series of nests taken *in situ*. Then the parent bird was snapped in the act of brooding, and the gaping beaks and long up-stretched necks of the young, expectant of food. Finally, the possibility of



C. Job.

STOPHAM BRIDGE.

Copyright.





SHELTERING.

photographing birds in flight or other natural motion attracted a sort of man peculiar to our time. At bottom he was something of a poet who derived a great pleasure from idling in the wood and meadow or by the streamside, watching bird and beast and fish in the hundred and one pursuits appropriate to the place and season. Now this poet, though inarticulate as far as words go, had the eye of an artist and the cunning hand of an artificer in brass and iron. His was a new pictorial art that, as it grew more and more perfect, came to rival brush and pencil. The camera can scarcely go further in this direction than in the portrayal of two goldfinches fighting in the air over their respective claims to thistle-down! And this represented only one salient in

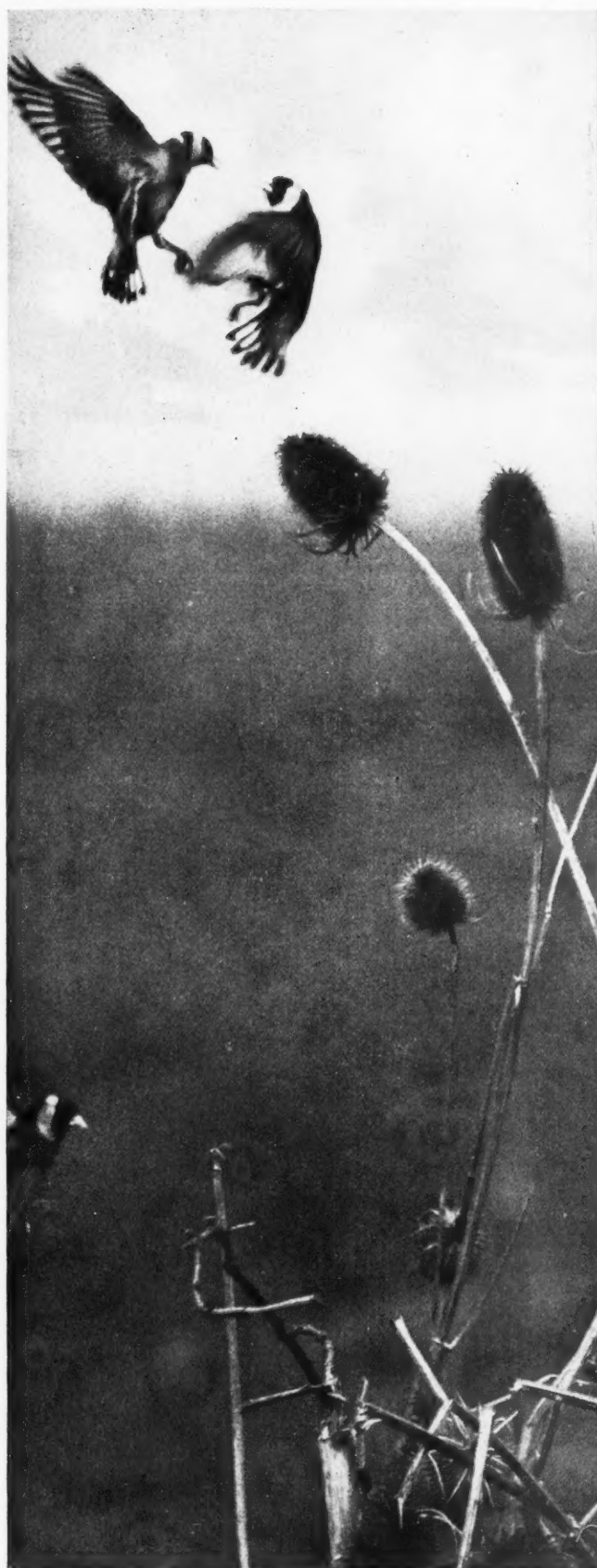
the forward march of photography. No pains were spared to bring the life of the open vividly and exactly home. The photographer provided himself with hides, tents and other apparatus of concealment in order to catch the birds at their most intimate moments when they had no suspicion of being overlooked. Even when they dived and pursued their prey under the water, means were found to photograph them in the act. Natural history was not only illustrated, it was transacted on our pages. It was the same with sport. The fox was snapped as he broke cover, the hounds as they sped on his track, the horses galloping. The wild deer swimming for his life, the salmon leaping in the torrent, the hare stealing out to feed, the little wild carnivora on



Reginald A. Malby.

THE TIME OF DAFFODILS.

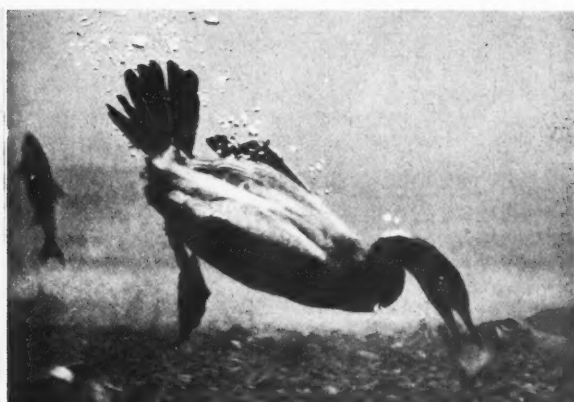
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TAKEN UNDER WATER

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LIFE DIRECT FROM NATURE.



their prow—all were brought before the eye, not as they had been imagined, but as they actually are. With most of these subjects we were the first in the field, and it was so also with popular games and pastimes. "All can grow the flower now, for all have got the seed," but at the beginning we stood practically alone in showing actual moving incidents in the ball games for which our countrymen have ever been famous, cricket, football, tennis, golf, and so on. For long the conventional method was only to reproduce portraits of the players, but this did not satisfy us. A polo player might be anybody or anything if taken motionless on a motionless horse, but it is very different when he is caught in the mad rush of the game or in the very act of making the stroke for which he is famous. Thus our thousand numbers are not only a repository of the stately English homes of the late nineteenth and twentieth centuries, but they depict the games and pastimes of the day as they were actually played. What would the historian not give for a similar record of the eighteenth century, to say nothing of the distant far-off times when Wilfred placed lance in rest for Rowena and Richard exchanged buffets with Friar Tuck?

The shooter of big game not only got into the habit of sending his story to us, but, in sympathy with the general movement, began to improve his photographs. At first the stereotyped picture showed the quarry dead, a native or other attendant holding up the head or the horns, and the slayer with an Alone-I-did-it look on his face. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.*

Some of the most distinguished big game shooters have actually laid aside the rifle for the camera, content to show a snap instead of a head for a trophy. Perhaps the best known of them was the late Mr. Warburton Pike, a crack shot, who for several years before his death, which occurred less than twelve months ago, abandoned the rifle for the camera. Mr. Radclyffe Dugmore is another of these great hunters who is accustomed to brave the toils and hardships of exploration for the pleasure of photographing wild life. His success will be appreciated by those who remember the unrivalled pictures of caribou which he contributed to our Summer Number of 1913.

But memories crowd in too fast, and one must not forget the practical side, especially as it will need to be emphasised in the future. It has always been maintained in COUNTRY LIFE that, hap what hap, land should be made to produce the maximum amount of human food. If this was good doctrine before the war, it is an inspired oracle now. In the past no one has been more welcome than he who could make two ears of wheat spring where there was only one before, or, to put metaphor aside, who could suggest in any way improvement in cropping the soil, breeding and rearing live stock, producing milkers or breeding poultry, and to-day these matters have assumed new importance.

The time will come when we shall go back to the wholesome pleasures and pursuits of the country with a new relish.

With faith in that issue, nothing should be totally abandoned, nothing neglected unless from necessity. Let us live in the sure hope of resuming all that was best in the innocent happy pastimes, the inspiring arts of the garden and the house. But in the meantime we must do our share in the task of first winning the war and then making such changes as its dreadful experience has shown to be for the public advantage. I say then, drop nothing—all will again be wanted. Only



C. Reid.

ENTERED TO VERMIN.

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you who have co-operated spontaneously and effectively in the past join forces to achieve the great object of making the land produce more food. So stated it looks a simple business, but it involves much action and many changes. The reference is not to changes in the law. If these are shown to be necessary, they must be undertaken. Only there is much to be done without Act of Parliament. There must be no resting until the returns will compare favourably not only with those



W. Reid.

READY FOR THE MOORS.

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where the system is extensive, but where it is intensive. Relatively poor soils must be improved, waste reclaimed, food crops grown where possible, forests planted where roots and cereals will not grow. The objects to be kept in view are an increased home supply of food, so as to reduce anxiety in war, the provision of work that will add to the national wealth and the increase of rural population, thriving, healthy and hopeful. That should be the central feature in



the programme. But let it not be accompanied by neglect. Houses and gardens form a heritage to be treasured. Open air sports and pastimes are as the breath of England's life. With constancy and faith in the future let us go on placing the highest duty first, and the others in order of their importance.

In the serious work that lies ahead there must be a greater appeal to science than there has been in the past. Experience has shown us that the average Englishman is inclined to turn away from anything that has even a scientific appearance, one reason perhaps being that the lessons of science are too often conveyed in what the ordinary man regards simply as jargon. It is, of course, a noteworthy fact that really great men of science write so that he who runs may read. A Huxley or a Tyndal never had to complain of neglect, and in our own day M. Metchnikoff might be cited as a great man of science who can reduce the result of much research to a few simple propositions that are easily comprehended. In the conduct of a journal like *COUNTRY LIFE* this fact assumes very great importance. Everybody who appeals to the public must regard as his first duty that of providing something that will be read and understood. It must even be attractive, so that the reader has not to strain his attention in order to follow the argument. But it very often happens that experts on the most important subjects do not possess that faculty of

reducing an abstruse subject to its plain and simple elements. The agricultural class of the community recently have shown signs of rising above the general attitude. It is to them a matter of the greatest importance to know something of the chemistry of plant life and of the soil. Their business is with the soil, and the science of it lies in the fact that everything which grows takes away certain elements and adds others which its leaves draw from the atmosphere.

This lies at the very bottom of husbandry, and our plans for the future include the provision of papers dealing with the various garden and farm crops from this point of view, written with authority and yet in simple lucid terms that no one should find incomprehensible. What applies to plants applies equally to animals. In order to make the

feeding of them perfectly economical it is necessary to know not only what an animal will eat and what quantities it will consume but also the proportion of the food it will digest and form into foodstuff. What has been done hitherto at random must, if we are to make the most of the acres of these islands, be accomplished with detailed knowledge and mathematical certainty. Many people of an old-fashioned type look askance upon an article which describes with scientific accuracy the digestive operations of a chicken or a calf. This was well enough in days when life was not so strenuous, but these difficulties have to be faced and mastered to-day.

In all this it must ever be remembered that man shall not live by bread alone; in other words, that utility is not

everything. This is particularly true of the world of books, which should never be regarded solely as an avenue for the conveyance of useful information. They have the higher function of providing the most delightful rest and amusement, of stimulating imagination and all the other functions of the mind, of enlarging sympathy and purifying taste. For these reasons it has ever been an anxiety on the part of those responsible for the conduct of this journal to select from the mass of books published such as seem worthy of attention and, at the same time, when necessary to examine their claims and say if they be valid or not valid. When the war is over the treat-



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NEW ZEALAND'S WEALTH.

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ment of books will be enlarged. At the present moment a great many admirable and useful writers have been reduced to inaction and only one or two types of book appeal to the public in this critical hour. Among them we are glad to place books of verse. The earnestness of the nation has nowhere been shown more distinctly than in the way it has turned to poetry for comfort and solace.

Our readers know that when war broke out we were engaged in publishing books on agriculture, horticulture and kindred subjects. Schemes were on foot also for continuing the production of works in pure literature. This was not entirely stopped by the war, and we hope to return to full activity in this direction as soon as peace is declared.

THE EDITOR.

# THE WAR AND BRITISH RESOURCES

By SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY, M.P.

## THE CASE FOR AN OPTIMISTIC OUTLOOK.

CONCLUDING a properly optimistic speech in Parliament last week on the subject of our war finance, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said, "Two years ago it would have been thought absolutely impossible that we could raise these gigantic sums . . . it could never have been believed that British credit could have withstood this extraordinary test." He went on to say that if we act with prudence and statesmanship we can maintain our credit throughout the war, "however long it may last."

Among the stern lessons taught by this war none was more needed than faith in the resources of the nation and the Empire. How difficult it has been for many people to learn this lesson may be gathered from the fact that in Parliament and out of it the main opposition to the Military Service Bill was founded upon the argument that we had reached the end of our financial tether, and that to increase the number of our soldiers was to court economic disaster. I am not sure that even now, in the nineteenth month of the war, it is sufficiently understood that the British Empire wields an economic power which is based upon the possession of one-fifth of all the world's land and one-fourth of all the world's people.

It is only too true, as Mr. McKenna says, that before this war began it would have been thought impossible for the British Government to do what it has done. The spur of sheer necessity has brought us a belated and partial conception of the forces at our disposal. In peace, possessing a magnificent heritage, and with such resources and opportunities as were owned by no other nation, we had fallen upon days in which little things masqueraded as big achievements; in which politics had become a mass—or should I say mess?—of pettifoggery detail; in which great words were constantly uttered in expression of small ideas. Our industries were falling in the scale of modern work. Where twenty-five years ago we were easily first, as for example in the iron industry, we were content to be a bad third. Where new great industries had arisen, as in the cases of electricity or of motor traction, we were content to play a small and obscure part in the world. To name leading modern discoveries and inventions, such as wireless telegraphy, radium, the internal combustion engine, the aeroplane, the airship, the cinematograph, or the incandescent gaslight, is to be reminded that we have been content in recent times to see the world go past us.

Lack of faith in the resources of over four hundred millions of people, possessing some eleven million square miles of the richest parts of the world, was responsible for our relative industrial decline before the war, as it was responsible for our tardy awakening to the nature of the efforts required when the war began. In that period a few years ago when, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer has reminded us, no one believed that we possessed the resources that have been demonstrated in practice to exist, the most modest proposals were turned down as too costly for our so-called Imperial Parliament as much as to contemplate. We thought we could not afford to train our children, with the result that in many trades, *e.g.*, brass-working and pianoforte-making, we had not skilled workmen to produce such goods as Germany sold freely in the best markets of the world. We had with difficulty made up our minds that it was worth while to consider systematically the health of our people, with the result that in this war we have been appalled by the rejections for physical unfitness in many of the centres of population. We did not know that large parts of our industrial equipment were languishing for lack of capital which was being freely poured into places abroad, with the result that when war broke out our military authorities and many of our industries alike found themselves lacking British supplies of essential war and peace materials.

The war is teaching us, if slowly, how to work on a large scale. We are frankly astonished that we are succeeding in working on such a scale. We call upon each other, like Mr. McKenna, to witness our stupendous and unexpected achievements. Even our optimists naively express their surprise that we are doing so well in the economic sphere. At the beginning of the war the country was full of people, many of whom unfortunately had the power of expressing themselves in organs of large circulation, who were quite sure that the war would promptly plunge us into misery and

destitution. One organ, which states that it is read by eight hundred thousand people, told its unfortunate readers that the effect of the war for the British workman would be that of a "universal strike without strike pay," and further, that "our towns will be crowded with the workless and the starving." Eminent armchair economists rushed in to advise the Government how to deal with the terrible unemployment which the war would inevitably cause. The Government itself created a magnificent system for the relief of distress! Instead of organising for war, we organised for a mistaken view of the results of war.

Let me give one further and most pregnant illustration of the lack of realisation of our resources. In the years that immediately preceded the war a large section of the press and a large section of one of our great political parties fought the Navy estimate by estimate, refusing to face the existence of the German Naval Law and its repeated enlargement, and attacked each successive Lord of the Admiralty, not as the defender but as the destroyer of his country. Upon what was this opposition based? For the most part it was based upon a sincere disbelief in the size and character of the rapidly growing German fleets, and upon a profound conviction that the resources of the United Kingdom were unequal to bearing the strain of maintaining as big a navy as the Admiralty demanded. A few months before the war began, these gentlemen of sincere conviction sent a special missionary to my constituency to defend Germany and to attack me because I had ventured to assert that the British Navy was not a whit too big. This same missionary is now a war correspondent, and from the fact that he terms the Germans "Huns," I presume that he has changed his opinions since he took his special journey from London to attack me in the provinces. I am quite sure, however, that his attack was honestly based upon the belief that in maintaining a fifty million pound navy we were rushing upon ruin. Probably it never occurred to him that in the year 1913 we were actually spending less on the Navy than our comfortable classes spent on luxury.

Reviewing the things of which I have spoken, and in the light of them, I cherish an illimitable and reasoned optimism with regard to the results of this war. If in spite of our lack of preparation we have played so large a part in the struggle, what may not be our position in the future, now that we are learning the need for preparation? If, with an unorganised and uncoordinated Empire, we have furnished so large a complement of men and ships and material and money to the great cause, what may we not do when the far-flung territories of the British Empire are fully organised each in aid of the other? If in spite of the considerable successes we have achieved when it has been necessary a case of *solvitur ambulando*, what may we not achieve, whether for peace or for war, when four hundred and fifty millions of people, wielding the developed wealth of eleven million square miles of magnificent territory, are arrayed for a common purpose?

We need not believe in economic distress after the war any more than we had occasion to believe in economic distress during the war. The conclusion of hostilities will find the British Empire still in secure possession of the splendid natural resources upon which its wealth is based. The United Kingdom will still be one of the finest natural workshops in the world, gifted by Nature with one of the world's four greatest coal areas, and with its power supply so near to the sea as to make it possible to use that power to the greatest advantage upon the world's raw materials. The British Dominions and Possessions will still include some of the finest and most fertile tracts of land, some of the richest mines, and some of the finest forests of the globe, yielding between them plentiful supplies of almost every known commodity, and, indeed, possessing in respect of some articles, *e.g.*, jute, a complete monopoly of supply.

The burdens created by the present war, which are being greatly exaggerated in many quarters, are in reality exceedingly small when compared with the resources I have broadly referred to. The annual income of the peoples of the British Empire has been conservatively estimated at four thousand million pounds, and it is improbable that the increase in the British National Debt through the war will be more than this. (It is commonly forgotten that a large part of our current expenditure is in loans to our Allies and Dominions.) Even, therefore, if this increased burden could be fairly



described as a mortgage, it would be, relatively to our resources, a small one, but the National Debt is not a mortgage. It does not represent a loss to the nation of the products representing the interest paid upon it. The debt represents a loan to the Government by its own citizens, and as those citizens are many, the payment of interest to them really represents a distribution within the country of a fractional part of the produce of the country. That has a bearing upon the distribution of wealth, it is true, but most certainly it does not represent a loss to the nation or the Empire.

But the income of the nation or the Empire, as it existed before the war, may be multiplied again and again if the lessons of the war are properly read. Even with haphazard and unregulated development, pursued without definite aim, the National Income of the United Kingdom has increased between 1868 and the present time from about £800,000,000 to about £2,400,000,000 a year. Given large scale development, worthy our day and generation, worthy the methods with which we have been endowed by science, we can double the National Income within twenty-five years. As I have already indicated, we have failed in recent times to realise sufficiently that these are days in which industries can be changed out of all knowledge in five or ten years, in which outputs can be multiplied a hundred times more rapidly than in the nineteenth century, in which houses, or mills, or factories can be raised like Aladdin's palace, or, indeed, as we have raised them for special purposes even in the throes of this war.

When war broke out we were content with an annual iron production of a beggarly ten million tons, while Germany

produced nineteen million tons, and America thirty-one million tons. Iron is the key industry, and in these melancholy figures we have the plainest illustration of what I have described as the small scale of our modern operations. In recent years the increase in the output of iron in France had exceeded ours, although France, of course, is not naturally so well fitted as the United Kingdom for iron production. After the war, when we have set our minds upon a scale of production commensurate with our resources, we shall look back upon that annual ten million tons of iron as symptomatic of the industrial stagnation which the war brought home to us and which the war taught us to cure.

There cannot be a full and adequate economic development of the British Empire without a Council of Empire—without an Imperial Federation which shall put into practice a policy of Imperial economic development. We must have a constant survey of the Imperial resources, aided by the first scientists and organisers of the Empire, which shall have regard to production, to the proper use of capital, and to inter-Imperial commerce. The field of enquiry and of possible development is, for practical purposes, limitless. The statesman and the captain of industry, whose alliance must be much more intimate in the future than it has been in the past, may find such possibilities of service as shall satisfy the noblest aspirations and give a new meaning to political action. A true conception of Empire may ennoble industry and commerce, making them all that they ought to be, the means of wealth and happiness for a great people.

## IMPERIAL LESSONS OF THE WAR

BY PERCY HURD.

### I.—POLICY AND TRADE.

MR. ASQUITH has bidden Englishmen be "grateful" to the Dominions for the splendid services they have rendered in the war, especially Canada in Flanders, Australia and New Zealand in Gallipoli. "Gratitude" is not the word a father would apply to the aid of his son in stamping out a fire which threatened the home of both of them, and its use by the Prime Minister is a reminder of the distance we have yet to travel before our governing classes realise that the British Empire of to-day is a vastly different thing from the British Empire of even a decade ago.

This war is as much Canada's war and Australia's as it is England's. To deny that fact or slur it over by talk of "gratitude" is to insult the intelligence of the peoples of the Dominions and their loyalty to the ideals which are our common inspiration and our most abiding bond of union. Reparation for France, Belgium, Serbia and Poland would not of itself have brought them into a war which is straining to the utmost their man power and their every resource. They were parties to none of the treaties which guarantee the liberties of the small nationalities; they seek no indemnities, no territorial gains at the expense of a defeated enemy. But they share with Englishmen the traditions of the British race, and they know that the victory of Teutonism would mean the end of everything they cherish in the way of personal and national freedom. In a word, they are partners in the British heritage, and it is as partners that they have without a moment's hesitation and without a thought of the cost thrown their all into the struggle. They have asked, and will ask, nothing in return. But having proudly accepted their partnership in conflict and in sacrifice, it would be an act of the supremest folly did England hesitate to turn this new kinship to its fullest and most practical uses for England's benefit and for theirs and, as we believe, for the benefit of the whole human race.

Only two years ago a British Minister of high Cabinet rank scoffed at the notion that England at war with any European Power would be helped to the extent of one soldier or one dollar by the Dominion of Canada. Flanders is to-day a living witness to the value of that prophecy. The Dominions have held back nothing. They have mobilised their men of fighting age, their finances, their industry and their agriculture in the common cause; they have poured out their gifts of food and clothing for the victims of war, and some of the most efficient of the hospital, medical and nursing services in England, in France and in the Near East are of their providing. In the face of these facts, who can doubt that in strengthening the ties with them

—political, financial and commercial—we are adding bulwarks of defence to the whole Empire and vastly increasing its productive power and its influence among the nations?

We have here a new impulse which will in time revolutionise our national life as nothing has done since the advent of Cobdenism two generations ago—the impulse of the younger Englishmen overseas. It is even now beginning to penetrate the governing classes and the departments whose purpose it is to translate into action the will of the people. The process of penetration is slow and sometimes painful, but it is there, and the pace of penetration must quicken as the urgent problems created by the war come nearer to us. Take two or three illustrations from the spheres of policy and commerce. It is not five years ago since Mr. Asquith told the Dominions through the Imperial Conference that the authority of the Government of the United Kingdom in matters of foreign relations could not be shared with them, and that to call into counsel the Ministers of the Dominions would "be absolutely fatal to our present system of responsible government." Yet last July, by the invitation of Mr. Asquith himself, Sir Robert Borden, Prime Minister of Canada, took his seat at the Cabinet in Downing Street and was made privy to the very matters which, by Mr. Asquith's dictum of 1911, were to be excluded from the purview of overseas Ministers. In a few weeks' time Mr. Hughes, the Prime Minister of Australia, will arrive in England by way of Canada, and no doubt he also will be called to the British Cabinet and enter upon a similarly confidential relationship with British Ministers. He will do so in a curious dual capacity. He is not only Prime Minister of Australia, but also a member of the Canadian Cabinet, for, by another departure from tradition, he, an Australian Minister, was sworn in as a Canadian Privy Councillor and became a member of the Ottawa Cabinet during his passage through the Dominion. The Under-Secretary for the Colonies, when questioned in the House of Commons as to the meaning of the unprecedented status conferred upon Sir Robert Borden, said it was to be regarded "not as an isolated incident," and he added that it only "carries out the general trend of policy which is proceeding further in the same direction." Sir Robert Borden, Mr. Hughes and all members of Dominion Ministries are no less "King's Ministers" than Mr. Asquith himself. It is through the agency of his Ministers, and not through that of Parliament, that the King negotiates treaties, enters into alliances, makes war, and performs every act of sovereignty in the remotest possession of the British Crown as well as in London. The King is the symbol of Imperial unity, the cement of the



Imperial fabric. Are we now to see this constitutional fact expressed in a new Imperial status for all the King's Ministers in all parts of his Dominions? At any rate, it is, as Sir Robert Borden has said, folly to suppose that the foreign relations of Canada as a part of the Empire (and the same is true of the other Dominions) can much longer be left to be "determined in a species of trust by which the statesmen of the Mother Country, perhaps more or less in consultation with us, can settle policies" upon which may depend the welfare and, indeed, the very existence of these overseas countries.

In matters of trade, also, the new kinship of Empire is finding expression, and here also the immediate future is bound to see striking developments. The war is driving home many lessons. One is the folly of our complacent dependence upon other lands for foodstuffs and materials of industry, very much of which we could, by forethought and organisation, provide from our own home soil, to the enrichment of our own working population. The homeland of each citizen of the Empire should come first with him—Britain for the British, Canada for the Canadian, Australia for the Australian, and so on. The only sound and durable Imperialism starts from that premiss. This is one lesson of the war, and it is obvious enough to readers of COUNTRY LIFE. Another lesson is that in turning our business thoughts to the development of our own Empire, rather than to foreign lands, we are creating an invaluable reserve of mutual strength and helpfulness for times of war and peace alike. Think of what every one of the Dominions, even the last born child, the South African Union, has meant to the Empire in this time of stress and compare it with, say, those good and friendly foreign lands where so much British money has been invested—Argentina and Brazil. Aggrieved because, in battling for our life and in the exercise of the accepted rules of warfare, we had to put some small check upon the war enrichment of neutral states, Sweden did her best to starve our paper industry. Similarly,

influential groups in the United States have strained every device to prevent us and the Allies from drawing supplies of foodstuffs and materials from American lands and factories. Such are the penalties of our past neglect. Newfoundland, Canada, and we doubt not also Australia, team with wood pulp as good as that of Sweden; there is not a Dominion which, by a concentration of capital and energy, cannot contribute to the needs of the Mother Country at least as much as any foreign state now supplies. Mr. Runciman, yielding to public sentiment, has decided to exempt Australian, South African and Canadian fruit from his new shipping embargo, but he still proposes to shut out Newfoundland and Canadian paper and wood pulp equally with that of Scandinavia and the United States. We shall soon know whether, in his new import duties, Mr. McKenna means to repeat the non-Empire policy of his last Budget and treat the products of our own kinsmen as though they were of foreign origin.

The war is proving every day how broad-based may be the new economic solidarity of the states of the Empire. For the purposes of commerce they are almost as much one of another as are the several parts of Russia or the United States. The resources of the Empire are incomparable in their extent and in their complementary character, and sea power ensures their availability at all times. As Sir John Macdonald pointed out a quarter of a century ago, we have far more reason than the people of the United States to claim that, by virtue of the extent and diversity of soil, climate and products, the British Empire is "a world in itself." Our minds hold no thought of exclusiveness. There will still be abundant room for the amplest and most friendly relations with the United States, Argentina, China and other foreign lands. But it is an insistent lesson of this war that only at our peril can we longer neglect the Empire heritage which our forefathers won for us and for which our children are laying down their lives.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE FLEET

By M. G. MEUGENS.

THERE was a breathless hush over the land in the first few weeks of war, the hush of a people bracing themselves for a great venture. It was a time of national awakening which made many forgotten things clear and which brought home to a large number of people the primitive truths which had been overlaid by prosperity and comfort. A certain stiffness of backbone, inherited from our forefathers, helped the nation to push aside the lumber it had accumulated on its national life and to survey the storm clouds of war with the old courage and calm.

Primitive virtues thrust up their heads and ousted the hundred and one little social shams which had stood for virtues in modern civilisation. Courage, strength, calmness and the faculty for leadership were suddenly realised again as the main attributes of a man, and everyone mentally weighed his neighbour in the balance of this new understanding. It dawned upon the nation once more that it was to the trained man of action it must look in a time of national crisis.

The tiny Army of England, spirited across the Channel to take its place in the long battle-line which stretched the length of France, had sailed unknown to the great mass of the people, and behind it fell a veil of silence. This was a dramatic enough beginning of war to most people who had never realised the real beginning.

Long before the Expeditionary Force sailed—so long that to some of us the time seemed months instead of days—a great Fleet, after being reviewed by the King, had left Spithead and vanished into the unknown. Hours before most of the chancelleries of Europe had definitely realised war, that Fleet was dispersed to its war stations, ready. It needed nothing to put it on a war footing; it was always on a war footing; it needed no hurried mobilisation, dislocation of train service or agonised bustle of departure; it was already mobilised, its departure an everyday occurrence. The ships went their accustomed way to do accustomed things which were part and parcel of their ordinary life.

Except for the Battle of the Bight and the sinking of a few cruisers, news of the Navy came little to the man in the street. It did its work in silence as always, guarding waterways, escorting transports, safeguarding the merchantmen, in fact—efficient, doing the work it was made for,

above and beyond its fighting work. The great fighting squadrons, stark-stripped for action, were clearing the seas; ready at any moment, day or night, to engage the enemy. The unceasing watch is a real thing, for a ship never sleeps except in harbour. The eyes of men and the ears of the wireless, together with that sixth sense, owned so peculiarly by the sailor, constitute an unmatched vigilance, which means our safety in time of war. All through the wild weather of the northern winter, bitter winds and numbing fogs, the squadrons swept back and forth keeping guard.

Everywhere the destroyer flotillas were at work, scouting for news under the very guns of the enemy, every man on board wet through and numbed with cold, the narrow decks awash from bows to stern, no time for proper food or sleep, yet always and ever ready, with that combination of dash and caution which is the very essence of a scout's work, to face anything, to accomplish anything. Transports across the Channel know the flotillas well, tearing by in a smother of foam, darting here and there like dogs on a scent watching for enemy submarines, or keeping line in a menacing cordon between Dover and France. For cold-blooded, tireless efficiency coupled with the acme of discomfort there is nothing to match the destroyers.

The nerve of the submarine officers and men is not so much the ordinary nerve of a strong-charactered man as the trained nerve of the expert, which tells in their extraordinary forays of undersea scouting and the torpedoing of enemy ships. It is the chilly, two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage, kept up for days at a time, not the sudden dash and excitement of actual combat. In every kind of ship, from Dreadnought to torpedo-boat, whether steaming at night without lights or feeling their way through baffling mists by day, this strain is the lot of the men in command, and they have been suffering it now for nineteen months with no flagging or shirking. The Navy plays the waiting game with a grim determination which bodes ill for the enemy when the striking time comes.

Verily the men of the Navy are the pick of the nation, trained to the highest pitch of efficiency, each carrying in his hand the safety of his ship and the lives of some hundreds of men, yet living a life of unusual simplicity wedded to the finest scientific attainment.



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THE SIGNAL.

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Many things were brought home to the nation in the autumn days of 1914, and chief among them was the fact that the glory and might of England was not confined to her past history, but was part of her present life. The Navy has always clung to the old traditions, but the Navy is almost unknown to the bulk of the English people, and it took the war with its vivid flashlight lessons to teach them that the imperishable spirit of the British people was still alive. Men still knew how to die, how to fight, how to endure in the old heroic way. Perhaps the veiled tragedy off Coronel showed the world more definitely than any success the real character of the Navy and its magnificent disregard of death. For British ships to be beaten and sunk by the enemy was a thing unprecedented in the memory of this generation, yet everyone felt the Navy to be better loved and trusted after the heroic reverse than before.

The discipline of a Service which admits of no mistakes on the part of its personnel, which demands a man's best always, and expects him to be ready at a moment's notice

world, yet the romance of it draws men from the ends of the earth to enter its service. The Vikings of the north fathered it, the gentlemen adventurers schooled it and taught it the romance of high adventure and adaptability, the seamen of the last few centuries welded it and hammered it into its present form. The spirit of the Navy is no new thing, it is a heritage of past ages from the men who gave England the mastery of the seas.

The sailor to-day is, like the sailor of old, a bit of a mystic, as all true men of action are inclined to be. He lives so near the great presences of the sea that he takes much for granted which would frankly stagger a landsman. In far corners of the world, in uncharted seas off the main track of the world's traffic he sees much that cannot be accounted for by ordinary means. Is it strange that men in the torpedoed ships should feel themselves surrounded by those seamen of the past whose deeds have been a pattern to them all their lives? Surely the little one-armed Admiral is watching from his high-pooped flagship when our



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## OPENING THE BALL.

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for any adventure, from diplomacy to death, is a discipline which either makes or breaks a man. It is to England's everlasting honour that her seamen are the envy of the world.

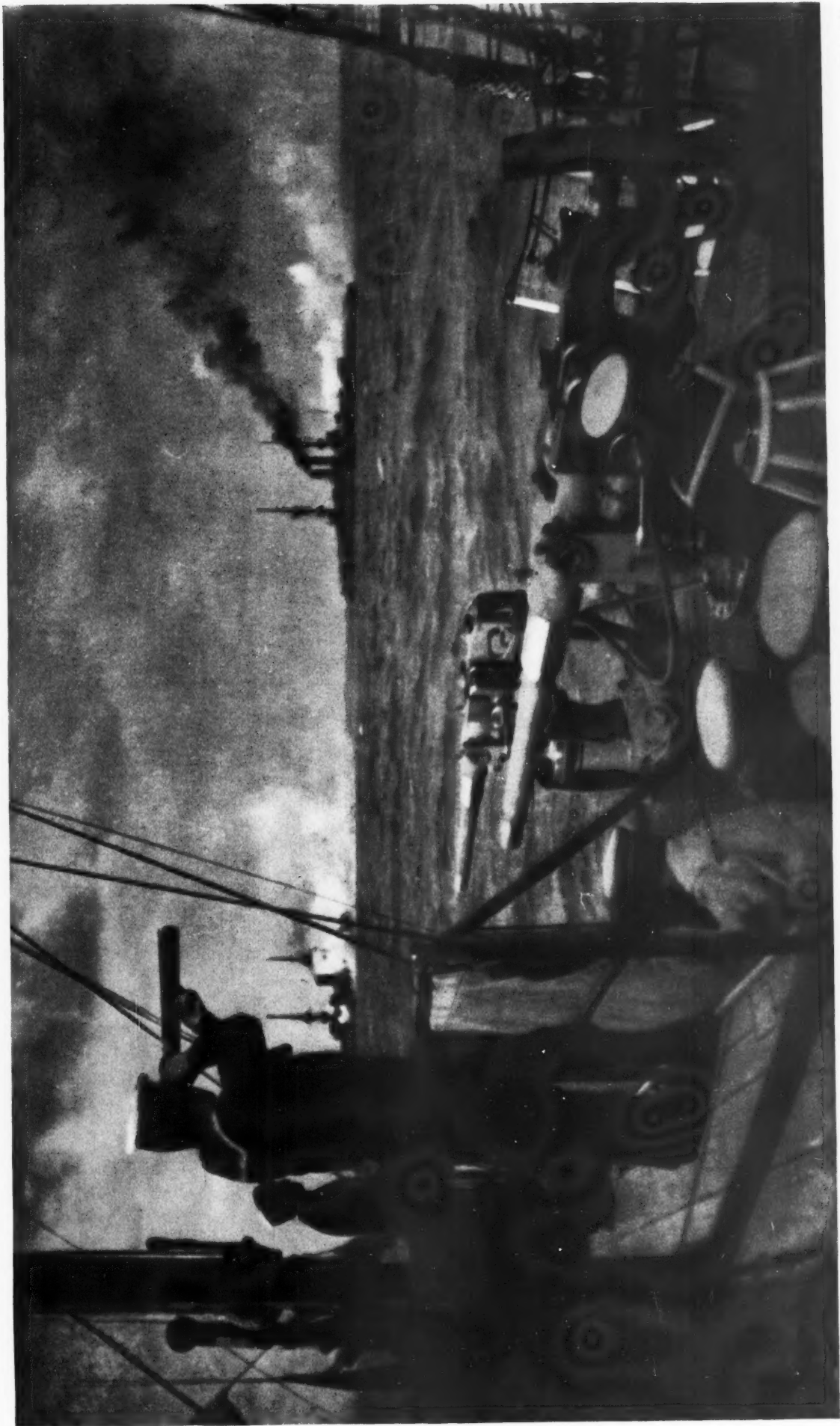
The Dardanelles army knows the value of the Navy as they embarked and disembarked under the shelter of her heavy guns. For whether hammering away at the Turkish positions or policing the transports and supply vessels, the sailormen were always adequate to the task before them, full of ingenuity and enterprise, fathering difficult landing operations with the cheerful serenity and fluent profanity which are characteristic of their work under all conditions.

The sea life is a life of active service from the time the small cadet leaves the great shore "school" or the embryo seaman leaves his training barracks; it is a life where a man learns to lead and to obey at one and the same time. If he makes a big mistake he pays instantly, and the Navy knows him no more. It is the hardest profession in the

ships are engaging the enemy. Surely the old Elizabethan seamen are "standing by" when, sinking and helpless, some ship goes to her doom. When primitive forces come back to an over-civilised world with the swing of a great pendulum they open wide many doors, and in the creeping northern fogs, standing on watch through long, cold hours, knowing that at any moment a mine may explode beneath the keel, a man's senses become very alert and receptive of any impression.

It is this fineness of the senses which helps to make the seaman what he is. A brain trained by life as well as by science and book knowledge, a body physically fit and adaptable make the finest type of man, and the sea life gives that training to an unmatched degree. But to those of us who know something of the inner life of the Service, its magnificent ideals and rigid discipline, comes the knowledge that the glory and might are not in the ships, but in the unconquerable spirit of a race—the heritage of a past made manifest.





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WATCH AND WARD.

F. J. Mortimer.



A THOUSAND numbers of COUNTRY LIFE imply a thousand illustrated articles on "Country Homes." Not all of these stand on British soil. The châteaux of France and the gardens of Italy have been requisitioned in order to show both the difference and the relationship between our native work and the achievements of nations that have an even more ambitious and superb architectural past than ourselves. But the insistent topic has been and still remains the manner in which the leading men of a nation with a rural bias have built, furnished and environed their country homes past and present. When COUNTRY LIFE first appeared in January, 1897, the subject was already attracting attention, there was a latent demand for correct and intelligent information, and therefore the weekly presentment by the new journal of a country home or of a garden old or new was good seed falling on fertile soil. Yet modesty characterised the starting of the venture. The pictures were delightful and the letterpress pleasant, but the educative influence was kept in reserve because it was necessary to begin homeopathically and only increase the dose as the tonic gave strength to the reader's system. There was a quick response, and soon there arose a desire not so much to see pretty pictures as to make a study of our domestic architecture and decorative arts. Such knowledge had been usual among educated people in Stewart and Georgian times, and hence the fine results of which the

remnants are so prized to-day. But the nineteenth century had paid small heed to the subject, and an enormous expansion of building was allowed to stray on to very unsatisfactory lines. Against this COUNTRY LIFE saw that a reaction could be started and led. It showed that our ancestors had, except in the matter of convenience, housed themselves more excellently than ourselves, and that there was much to learn in every one of the succeeding styles into which they had translated their changing requirements. Thus what would have been considered almost technical and therefore unsuited to the general reader in mid-Victorian times came to be greedily sought after by thousands of people in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE, which alone amid serial publications has known exactly how to supply the desired information in amount and in manner thoroughly satisfying. It has succeeded in being educative yet not pedantic, informing yet attractive. About 700 country houses of all styles and every size have been passed in review. Some are remarkable for their homely charm, others for their stately dignity; some excel from the delight of their surrounding gardens, others from the perfection of their interior decorations. But each one has been so treated as to show some merit, teach some lesson, and exercise some influence on the taste of to-day. The two or three illustrations of the early numbers have swelled to a dozen or so, and are chosen, not as mere haphazard snapshots, but as a co-ordinated series which, in



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1.—STOKESAY CASTLE: A THIRTEENTH CENTURY MANOR HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





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2.—OXBURGH CASTLE: TYPICAL OF LATE MEDIEVAL BRICKWORK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



3.—OWLPEN: AN ELIZABETHAN SQUIRE'S MODEST COTSWOLD DWELLING.

direct relation with the letterpress, presents with correct completeness, yet with easy lucidity, the stamp and quality of the architecture in its often successive and varying phases, together with the history of the structure and its owners.

you not exhausted the supply?" are questions often put to us. But we can truthfully reply that the even flow continues, that we have an ample waiting list, that not only are there new subjects in plenty, but that

The unswerving and continuous purpose that has carried out this policy without a break and with ever increasing perfection and efficiency for a score of years has taught much. What less persevering effort would have shown us the surprising wealth and variety of the typical and engaging country places that Great Britain, more than any other country in the world, contains? We had heard and seen pictures of historic mansions and stately seats. But did we know the number and the full worth of these, or how they are supplemented by an infinitude of more modest, but not less desirable dwellings of knights and squires, such as we see at Owlpen (Fig. 3)? "Are you not coming to an end?" "Have

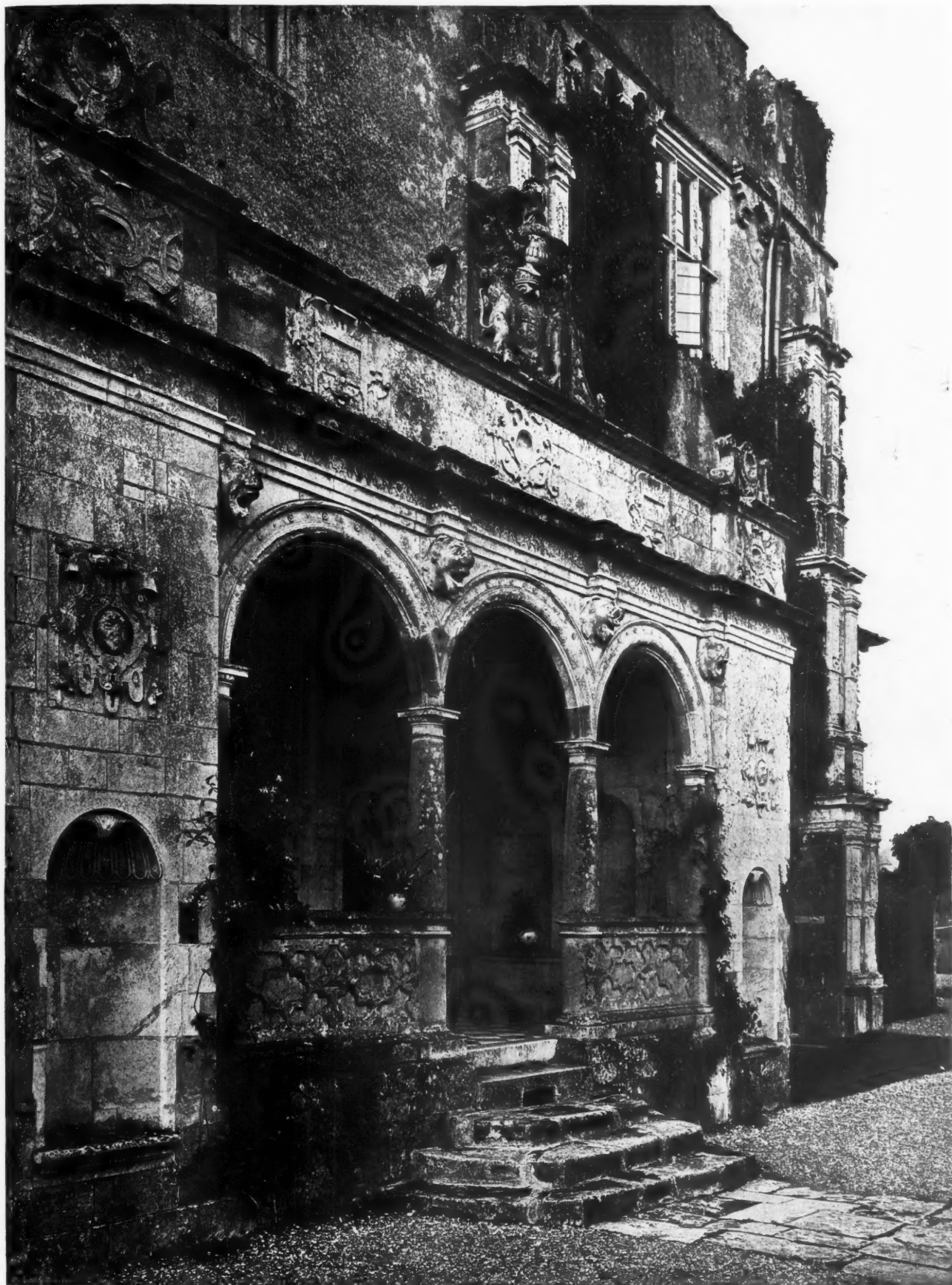


Copyright. 4.—MORETON HALL: FINE CHESHIRE TIMBER FRAMING OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. "C.L."



the multitudinous interest and excellence of many of the examples enable old friends occasionally to reappear under new aspects and with new matter. Perhaps the source might have shown signs of drying up had narrow views

can claim to be a style has been adequately represented and sympathetically described. Thirteenth century Aydon and Stokesay (Fig. 1) are followed by the Castles of Maxstoke, Oxburgh (Fig. 2) and Tattershall and the Abbeys of



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5.—DELICATE EARLY RENAISSANCE STONEWORK AT CRANBORNE MANOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

prevailed, had a Ruskinian hatred of the Renaissance or a classic contempt for anything but a strict interpretation of the Orders limited the choice. *Toute la lyre* has been the motto. Anything typical of what

Forde and Wenlock. Layer Marney, Compton Wynyates and Moreton (Fig. 4) show the developments under Henry VIII. Cranborne (Fig. 5), Montacute (Fig. 6), and Hatfield (Fig. 8) are typical of the Early Renaissance. Rainham and Coleshill



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6.—MONTACUTE : A WEALTHY ELIZABETHAN'S NOBLE SEAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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7.—TYTTENHANGER : SHOWING THE INFLUENCE OF INIGO JONES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



exhibit the results of Inigo Jones' visits to Italy. With the Restoration the more classic style triumphs at Tyttenhanger (Fig. 7), Ramsbury and Belton, though it does not reach its full development till the Burlingtonian school

reserve result from the Greek studies of Robert Adam, who gives us Kenwood (Fig. 12) and Kedleston. The extinction of a living style and an ignorant copying of every age and nation produce Knebworth and Harlaxton.



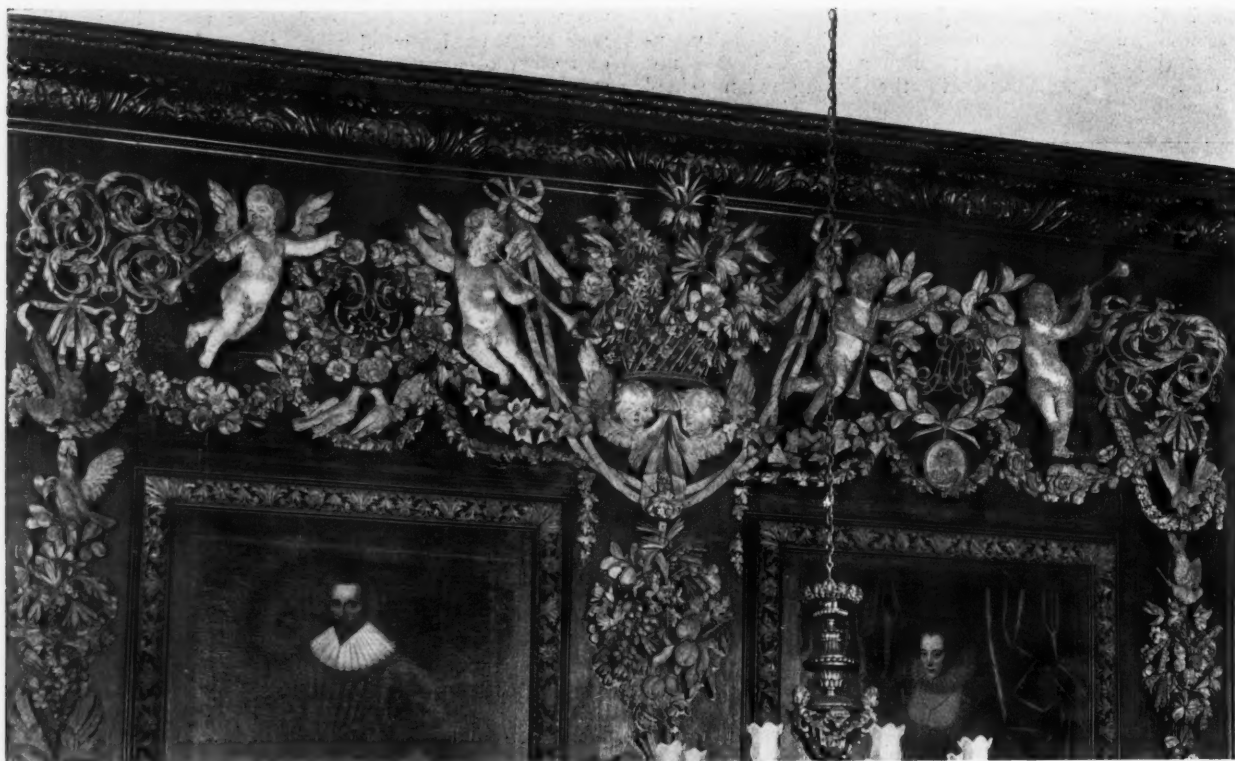
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8.—SUMPTUOUS JACOBEOAN WOODWORK AT HATFIELD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

create Houghton (Fig. 11) and Holkham. Meanwhile English woodwork had reached its climax at such places as Petworth (Fig. 9) and Sudbury (Fig. 10). By the middle of the eighteenth century greater severity and

Webb and Norman Shaw returning to a better understanding embody their principles at Clouds and Adcote. The modern school is founded, and Shiplake, Heathcote (Fig. 13), Avon Tyrrell, Ardenrun and Moundsmere are examples of



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9.—DECORATIVE SCHEME BY GRINLING GIBBONS AT PETWORTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

what has been done by five representative architects in our own generation. Not only do every style and period, but also all localities, receive attention. The wrought stone of the Cotswolds and of Somerset, the brick of Norfolk

and Suffolk, the timber framing of Cheshire and Kent give point to the advantage and appositeness of producing distinctive effect by means of the most handy materials. Scottish characteristics are shown by a very full list of its



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10.—A CHARLES II STAIRCASE AT SUDBURY HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



great houses. Wales is well represented, while Ireland, which has little of early date but a distinct eighteenth century school, is now about to receive due attention.

No wonder, then, that COUNTRY LIFE has become a document of great architectural importance. Owing to the

habitations and their gardens. What the Country House may and ought to be is seen by what it has been. How decayed and ill treated examples can, with full justice and honour to their past, be brought into line with present requirements appears by various instances where such



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11.—A GEORGIAN PRIME MINISTER'S HALL AT HOUGHTON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

thoroughness of its methods it collects infinite and reliable material and data of real utility to men in the profession on either side of the Atlantic. It is absolutely illuminating to the amateur, and gives hint and guidance to the many who propose to build or enlarge or alter or re-do their

work is illustrated and the methods employed are explained, discussed and criticised. How the old can be reproduced, or, better still, how its lessons can be made the foundation for new work possessing disciplined originality may also be learnt. Indeed, the treatment of the "Country



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12.—KENWOOD: A LIBRARY BY ROBERT ADAM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Homes" series amounts to a revelation—a revelation of quantity and of quality, of the achievements of the past and the possibilities of the present. It has produced a storehouse of easily assimilated information that enables all to know and appreciate the past of the English country home as a due preparation for the right treatment of our present

undertakings, be they great or small, new or reparative, in the sphere of building or garden making, of decoration or furnishing. To facilitate and direct such knowledge has been and continues to be the aim of COUNTRY LIFE. It is for those who have profited by its labours to say whether it has achieved what it set out to do. H. AVRAY TIPPING.



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13.—HEATHCOTE: THE COUNTRY HOME OF A CONTEMPORARY CITIZEN OF LEEDS.

"C.L."



# CANADA AS A FIGHTING FORCE

BY AN OFFICER OF THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT

**W**E long ago realised that, so far as the masses of the Allied troops are concerned, this is a war of silence and darkness. However full the tablets of the recording angel may be, the pages of the recording historian are—considering the scale of the conflict—comparatively empty. And it is too late to fill the gaps. Many splendid deeds which marked the early actions of the war at Mons, Neuve Chapelle and the first battle of Ypres are lost to history. The eye-witnesses have perished then or since, and, loyal to official rule, dying—"they made no sign."

We Canadians are glad to think that the thickest pall has not fallen upon the achievements of our own troops in the field. We are glad not only for the sake of our national glory, but also for the sake of the wives, mothers and families of those who have given up their lives. Yet mingled with our pride is the regret that other corps of the Allied armies have not been equally fortunate in rescuing from oblivion such names and stirring episodes as the reader will find so brilliantly recounted in Sir Max Aitken's "Canada in Flanders."

At the outset we all remember many persons, even many military experts, asking, "What sort of a fighting man will the Canadian make on a European battlefield?" Above all, "Of what stuff are their officers?" We know all about the guerilla scouts of the South African conflict, but this is a different kind of job altogether. How will Canada fare in this long-drawn-out nerve-racking trench work, under conditions of daily life and discipline wholly novel?"

Just fifteen years ago—on February 24th, 1901—Major-General Sir Sam Hughes, Dominion Minister of Militia (then Colonel Hughes, M.P.), speaking in the Canadian House of Commons, said:

Among the general officers commanding in Canada, only one—and that was General Herbert—directly or indirectly gave any encouragement to the idea that Canadians could be of any service to England in the fighting line. Everyone of them pooch-pooched the notion that we could possibly be of any use, even in guarding base points.

One distinguished officer stated to me that we might as well try to fly to the moon as to take the field alongside British regulars short of three years training and not even then unless led by Imperial officers. I failed to see why we Canadians should not be as good soldiers as our kinsmen across the waters.

The doubters were answered almost instantly when the Canadian contingent took up its quarters at the front; and when it went into action they were answered for ever. Every consideration, every hampering prepossession or antecedent was sunk in the presence of the enemy. The whole force was animated by one passionate desire—to fight and to overcome the enemy. Combined with this was what has been called the characteristic transatlantic trait of curiosity—always a mark of intelligence. So keen was their thirst to get a sight of and a shot at these Boches who had set the whole world in a bloody turmoil that their Commander, General Alderson, had to address to them a word of caution. "You are provided," he said, "with means of observing the enemy without exposing your heads. To lose your lives without military necessity is to deprive the State of good soldiers."

Yet as the war progressed these same men settled down into the steady groove of habit. "As I study the psychology of the Canadians under the strain of this war," writes Brigadier-General Morrison, "there is much of the Red Indian in their cold-blooded courage and philosophic fortitude. They are grim, silent fighters and they repress their feelings to the point of apparent callousness. . . . A man does his work with about as much theatric emotion as he would evince in doing a chore at home."

The great chance came, as all the world now knows, at the second battle of Ypres. The French line of trenches had been emptied by a pestilential and irresistible onrush of gas. The Canadians sprang into the breach, were left to bear the brunt; but they bore it enormously outnumbered, fighting steadily two days and nights, knowing that upon their efforts depended the safety of the whole line which the enemy was endeavouring to pierce. "The Canadians," reported Sir John French, "held their ground with a magnificent display of tenacity and courage; and it is not too much to say that the bearing and conduct of these splendid troops averted a disaster which might have been attended with the most serious consequences." That was a great thing, but

it is not all. After the battle when the German attack was still being pressed Brigadier-General Currie, after three days of steady fighting in the trenches, was asked whether he could again rally his men, who had been having a momentary rest. "The men are tired," he replied, "but they are ready and glad to go again to the trenches." And so the hungry and weary fragment—only a quarter of its original strength—marched back, every man of them "clear grit."

In England you do not expect newspaper editors to distinguish themselves as combatants on the field of battle. Among the Canadians there have been several conspicuous instances of such valour. Perhaps the breezy conditions of Western journalism have something to do with this, but the achievements of Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison (formerly editor of the *Ottawa Citizen*) gained him the command of the artillery of the 2nd Division with the rank of Brigadier-General, and Lieutenant-Colonel Watson (late editor of the *Quebec Chronicle*) still further exhibited his valour and resource in the field. More than this, he crowned his success by a signal deed of personal heroism. At a critical moment when directing a retirement Colonel Watson noticed that one of his men close at hand had received a bullet. He instantly knelt down, got the soldier on his back and bore him, amid a rain of bullets, from the advancing foe several hundred yards to safety.

Lawyers, merchants and farmers have figured among the keenest fighters and most resourceful leaders in the Canadian ranks. Even when some of them served in a non-combatant capacity the combative instinct curiously asserted itself. In the thick of the battle of Ypres the paymaster, Captain Costigan, locked up his pay-chest and abolished his office with the words: "There is no paymaster." Sinking his rank as honorary captain, he applied for work in the trenches, and went off, a second-lieutenant in the 10th Canadians, which needed officers. He was seen no more until Monday morning, when he returned to search for his office, which had been moved to a cellar at the rear, to find someone to take charge of the paymastership. Again, Honorary Captain McGregor of British Columbia, for example, was paymaster in the Canadian Scottish 16th Battalion. But the call of the blood was too strong. Armed with a cane and a revolver, he flung himself into the hand-to-hand fighting in the wood and there he was killed, fighting gallantly to the last.

One might recall, too, the case of Major Guthrie of New Brunswick, who was at the front in a legal-military capacity. The battle of Ypres began and he, like Captain Costigan, asked the General for a commission in the sorely tried 10th. "I'll go as a lieutenant, Sir," said he; and as a lieutenant he took part in the battle.

A diverting and instructive incident showing the relations of the commanders and the men is thus related: Lieutenant-Colonel Currie, commanding the 48th Highlanders, 15th Battalion, had his telephone communication with his men in the trenches cut by shrapnel. He therefore moved his battalion headquarters into the reserve trenches, and took with him there a little band of "runners" to keep him in touch with the brigade headquarters, a couple of miles in the rear. A "runner" is a man on foot who, at every risk, must bear the message entrusted to him to its destination over ground cross-harrowed by shell-fire and, possibly, in the enemy's occupation. One such runner was despatched, and was no more heard of until, days after the battle, the lieutenant-colonel received a note from him in hospital. It ran: "My dear Colonel Currie,—I am so sorry that you will be annoyed with me for not bringing back a receipt for the message which you sent to headquarters by me. I delivered the message all right, but on the way back with the receipt I was hurt by a shell, and I am taking this first opportunity of letting you know that the message was delivered. I am afraid that you will be angry with me. I am now in hospital.—Yours truly, (Signed) M. K. Kerr." It is characteristic of the colonel, and our country, that he should always refer to the private as M. K. Kerr; and, from the English point of view, equally characteristic that M. K. Kerr's report should begin: "My dear Colonel Currie." And it marks the tone of the whole battalion that only 200 men and two officers should have come unscathed out of the battle.

An example of how native common-sense and self-reliance upset the schemes of the enemy is shown in the

case of Sergeant J. Richardson of the 2nd Canadian Battalion. At Ypres he was on the extreme left commanding a platoon when a message came: "Lieutenant Scott orders you to surrender." Instantly reflecting that there were no fewer than three company commanders between himself and the officer named, he suspected it to be a ruse of the enemy. Consequently, he ignored it, passing back the word "No surrender." "It is impossible" comments the official eye-witness, "to say how much ground and how many lives the sergeant saved that day by his lively suspicion of German methods, his quick thought and his absolute faith in the sense and courage of his officers."

"Clary" Dale was a well known athlete of Regina, Saskatchewan, a member of the Western Champion Rugby Football Team, and one of the crack rowing crew which intended to wrest from Winnipeg the fours championship. Then the war broke out, "Clary" enlisted, and brought to his soldiering the same fine sportsmanship that he showed in his games. In the charge at Festubert he was badly wounded in the thigh. He lay on the field all day without attendance, and it was not till well on in the evening that the stretcher-bearers (among whom were men who knew him) discovered where he lay. He refused to be carried in, however. Pointing to a wounded man near him he said, "Take him first; he is worse hit than I." It was not merely a case of waiting a little longer. In that dark field it would have been quite possible that the bearers would not be able to find him again. He knew that, but was prepared to "take the chance" for the sake of the other man who was "worse hit" than he. He was brought in some time later, and only his fine constitution saved him. He will never play football again.

These are but incidents drawn almost at random from the official records, merely to illustrate the truth that Canada has produced a race of fighters who, though not professional soldiers with long years of training behind them, with no love of war for its own sake, have demonstrated their courage, their intelligence, their tenacity and their loyalty to our common Empire. The records of the

force are happily full of deeds comparable to any in the classic old tales of British battles.

But, after all, what we are here concerned with is Canada's justification for the faith reposed in the special qualities of her citizen soldiers by the man who is responsible for summoning, organising, equipping and despatching Canada's contribution to the British Expeditionary Force. That faith was derided: he has lived to see it established. Twenty years ago he spoke of the initiative, the resourcefulness, in short, the individuality of the Canadian militiaman to those who, in his opinion, over-praised barrack and parade-ground routine.

"Point out to me," he said, "the great British military successes of the past and I will point out the individuality of her sergeants and her private soldiers, the capacity in them to take advantage of situations as they arose. Individuality—it is the lack of this that will cause any army to be smashed by that of a second-rate power."

This precious quality our troops, we think, possess. But conjoined is a burning patriotism, a love for their own native or adopted land of mountain, forest and prairie, and a pride even in the sound of her name, which urges them on to supreme sacrifice. One instance I will give:

Private Joslyn, better known among his comrades of the Fifth Division as "Joss," was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal for heroic conduct at the second battle of Ypres. He was a splendid fellow and but twenty years of age when he met his death in the charge on K 5 at Festubert, May 24th. As he fell he was heard to shout, "Canada!" One of his comrades, prompted by the incident, straightway penned the following lines:

O Canada! Dear Canada!  
Lift your gracious head;  
Hear the cry as it goes up  
From your glorious dead.

Let your homes, from East to West,  
Echo back the cry—  
Canada! Dear Canada!  
Thus your brave sons die.

## AUSTRALIA AND THE WAR

By G. C. MACLEAN.

AUSTRALIA'S part in the world war which was sprung upon the whole of civilised mankind by the insatiable ambition of Germany was well expressed on a famous occasion by the present Commonwealth Prime Minister, Mr. W. M. Hughes, as that of "setting our teeth and seeing it through." The utterance was made after the issue of the early casualty lists in the Gallipoli campaign. Since that pregnant pronouncement of policy was cheered in the Federal Parliament, many more casualty lists have carried sorrow into the homes of Australia and New Zealand, but the spirit which promoted it and the spirit which greeted it, have only become sterner and more determined. It was, in fact, the spirit which was at the back of all the great deeds at Anzac, from the first historic landing on those rocky shores in April, 1915, down to the equally historic withdrawal in the latter days of the year.

It may be said that Australasia was more fully prepared for war than any of the Overseas Dominions, for she had a small but capable fleet in being, while on land she possessed a working scheme of compulsory training for all her citizens of military age. The idea of a Commonwealth fleet dates from the Imperial Conference of 1909, when it was decided that Australia should provide a naval unit consisting of an armoured cruiser—now described as a battle cruiser—three unarmoured cruisers of the Bristol type, six destroyers of the improved "River" class, and three submarines, with the necessary auxiliaries. At the invitation of the Government Admiral Sir Reginald Henderson visited the Commonwealth to advise upon naval questions generally; and his report provided for a total future establishment of fifty-two vessels, with 15,000 men, while the construction expenditure was to be £40,000,000, with an ultimate annual vote of £4,794,000.

The command of the fleet in Commonwealth waters was transferred in June, 1913, from the British Admiral,

Sir George F. King-Hall, to the Australian Rear-Admiral, Sir George E. Patey, on the latter's arrival with the battle cruiser *Australia*. Sir George Patey found under his orders a squadron of which the principal vessels were the *Melbourne*, *Sydney*, *Encounter* and *Pioneer*. He brought this squadron into the pink of condition by the time war broke out, with the result that on August 4th it left Sydney Harbour complete in every detail to join the China Squadron.

The story of the Australian fleet is written large in the history of the war. Diligent search for the enemy's cruisers was prosecuted, and his wireless stations in the Pacific were put out of action. Further, it was due to the steps taken by the Australian fleet in covering the New Zealand expedition to Samoa that the seizure and occupation of that important German colony was rendered possible. Later, too, the squadron lent powerful aid in the capture of German New Guinea, New Britain and the Bismarck Archipelago. No less was the service it rendered in safeguarding the Australian trade routes and commerce. And, finally, to mention one individual exploit which drew upon it the eyes of the whole world, the light cruiser *Sydney* gave the *coup de grâce* to the notorious raider the *Emden*, thus putting a finishing touch to Australia's achievements on the high seas.

Coming to the land forces of the Commonwealth and New Zealand, the visit of Lord Kitchener to Australasia in 1910 had led to the establishment of a scheme of compulsory military service throughout the whole of the Continent under the Southern Cross, which, though it was not sufficiently advanced when the war broke out to furnish many trained men for the expeditionary armies, yet had been the means of setting up an administrative system which under the stress of hostilities proved a highly valuable instrument. In two months it was able to provide a whole division in Australia and half a division in New Zealand, both fully equipped for foreign service. In all, as the extent



of the Empire's emergency became more apparent, the numbers rose until at the present time Australasia has put considerably over 100,000 men into the field. But, the whole story of Australia's contributions to the cause of the Empire is not told even then. She helped South Africa, which was attacked within her own boundaries. South Africa was short of ammunition. On appealing to Australia her needs were supplied. In addition to the large force which was sent to Egypt *en route* for the Dardanelles, the Commonwealth supplied a heavy siege train for service in Europe; and as if that was not enough, she has since sent a flying corps to assist in the operations in Mesopotamia.

Let us follow the first division and a half to the plains of Egypt. This was, as readers of the letters from members of the force know well, the real training ground which fitted it for the glorious exploits in the Anzac zone of Gallipoli. Under the burning suns of Egypt the men from the Antipodes were drilled until that dreary side of war entered into the bones of every mother's son. Trench digging, long marches and manœuvres on the open desert, all this proved at the time extremely tiresome to them, but it turned the men into soldiers, and had its reward in the Dardanelles. In Egypt they became an army corps fit to go anywhere and to do anything, even the impossible. And there, too, they met their great leader, Lieutenant-General Birdwood, whose name is imperishably linked with theirs. His stern, but judicious training, was the best that they could have passed through, for it was their preparation for the campaign that was to await them on the shores of Gallipoli. But although every order was obeyed with cheerful alacrity, there can be no doubt that when the summons came to proceed to the Dardanelles, it was welcomed with eager enthusiasm.

Then opened a splendid page in the history of warfare, a page which vies with anything that has gone before in the qualities of dash and, not less, of endurance. The feat of landing on a spot so wild and rugged, that the Turks, never imagining the existence of such fighting methods, had not provided more than a few scanty defences, was a revelation to all humanity, and, it may be safely said, to none more than the Moslem allies of Germany. Magnificent as was the feat achieved in seizing such an inhospitable position, it was not for some days that the Australians and New

Zealanders were able to consolidate their precarious hold. The ordeal resolved itself into a sheer test of physical endurance, and the men from the Antipodes came through the test triumphantly.

It was the same tale all through that costly campaign, costly enough in life, although, as some critics say, it was well worth the cost as keeping so many of the enemy engaged in Gallipoli for month after month, when they might have done much more damage elsewhere. From start to finish the Anzac heroes proved themselves men who, in the words of R. L. Stevenson, "courted war like a mistress." And one may be sure that rough and deadly as had been their experiences in those eight chequered months on the narrow strip of trenched ground that was all they could call their own in Gallipoli, when the hour of departure came they looked back on the shores slowly receding behind them with feelings of keen regret.

Oh, the little more, and how much it is!

And the little less, and what worlds away.

In the meantime the voice of political faction in the Commonwealth had been stilled when the first casualty returns of the Gallipoli campaign were made known. It was generally realised that this war was not a picnic, but a very grim and serious undertaking. The first step taken by the Federal Government was to propose a Referendum to enlarge the Federal constitution at the expense of the States forming part of the Commonwealth. The proposal was accepted by the Parliament. By the terms of the Referendum the Federal Government obtained full powers during the war, and for one year after, to act independently of the states in the prosecution of hostilities, thus, at one stroke, transmuting a medley of separate states, self-governing, and possessed of all the mutual jealousies common to comparatively small communities into a great nation with the single-hearted purpose of carrying on a war in which the freedom of the whole world was involved, with the utmost thoroughness and efficiency. In fact, a war like the present with all its horrors and its dreadfulness has nevertheless its beneficent side. It is a vast conflict in the sacred cause of freedom, and while all conflict is by the nature of things a great separator, it is at the same time an equally great welder. Thus comes it that a new Australasia has been born out of the welter and the fire.

## THE LOYALTY & HEROISM OF INDIA

BY ARTHUR L. SALMON.

"WE may have our differences with the Government—and what people have not?—but in the presence of a common enemy, be it Germany or any other Power, we sink our differences, we forget our little quarrels and close our ranks, and offer all that we possess in defence of the great Empire to which we are all so proud to belong, and with which the future prosperity and advancement of our people are bound up." These were the words of an Indian newspaper—glorious words, nobly backed by the people's action. We will show the enemy, said another native journal, that Britain does not stand alone in this conflict which has been thrust upon her; but "that the vast people of an Empire on which the sun never sets stand behind her like one man, ready to place at her disposal the last gun, the last man, and the last penny they possess." There has been nothing finer in history than utterances like these; they bring a thrill to the heart, and perhaps a dimness to the eye; they stir us with a longing that we may be indeed worthy of such devotion. "Hatred does not cease by hatred at any time," says an old Indian maxim of the Dhammapada; "hatred ceases by love." It may be that love has not always been the keynote of our rule in India, but at least our prevailing ideal has been Justice; so that by much justice and some love we have won "a glory exceeding that of pitched battle and overwhelming victory," to quote the expression of Admiral Mahan. We learn lessons slowly, but the present war is a teacher in no dilatory method; and it will to a certainty have taught us that there must be grateful love blended with our justice for the future.

We have seen abundantly that the justice itself has wrought its splendid consequences, and such tenderness

as has been mixed with it has reaped a thousandfold reward. India, thought the Germans, was to be our weakness and India was to be their prize. India and South Africa abroad, Ireland at home, were to be the weak joints in our armour, they were to be our peril and our defeat. It is the doom of hatred that it can only see with distorted vision; Germany saw wrongly, and read our fate in terms of her own shallow perception. What Ireland and Africa have done we know—they have been our strength instead of a cause of stumbling; but perhaps we have not sufficiently appreciated and appraised the wonderful outburst of India's loyalty, one of the grand things to set against the misery and cost of this terrible struggle. "What orders from His Majesty for me and my troops?" was the immediate message from one brave Maharaja; and it was in this spirit that India met the call. What orders?—what can we do?—how many men shall we send?—what treasure shall we give? Britain replied that she wanted India's help, and India was proud to be wanted. She sent many of the finest men of her finest races—men of an immemorial aristocracy beside which Norman blood looks *parvenu*.

It pleased the enemy to assert that we wanted "coloured troops, savages, cannibals," to serve as a screen for our own forces; but the men who came could boast antecedents of high rank, proud caste, perfect education, that put to shame the blood-and-iron triumphs of vaunted Teutonic culture. They came to fight side by side with our own sons and brothers, fellow-warriors fighting for a self-same ideal, a self-same standard of right, worthy in every sense of those with whom they were to share the struggle—most assuredly worthy of the foe they were to meet. They are coming still; censorship prevents our knowing exactly how many or where they are operating; and we know

that however great the numbers may be there is still a huge reserve, there are still thousands thirsting to follow, hundreds of thousands eager to carry loyalty into action.

"For the first time," said Mr. Bhupedranath Basu, "we feel that we are truly the equal subjects of the King," because for the first time they were permitted to fight side by side with the British troops against a European enemy. In any war, even of aggression, Indians would have been ready to help us; but in this they realised the consecration of a high purpose, and all that was best in the public opinion of India entirely appreciated our objects, in spite of Germany's long and insidious attempts to poison the native mind. Germany had been posing as the protector of Islam. "Heaven forbid," exclaimed his Highness the Aga Khan, the leading Moslem potentate of India, "that Islam should have such an immoral protector!" Shortly after the outbreak of war it was announced in the House of Lords that nearly 700 rulers of native states had volunteered assistance, personal or other; and this offer of many princes and nobles was immediately accepted. There had to be selection, of course, and there were some heart-burnings on the part of those whose services were not promptly taken. Sir Pertab Singh, Regent of Jodhpur, would not be denied, though he had passed his seventieth year, and he went to the front accompanied by his great-nephew the Maharaja, a boy of sixteen. A hospital ship was provided, chiefly at the cost of the Maharaja of Gwalior and the Begum of Bhopal; the Maharaja of Rewa offered troops, treasure, even his personal jewellery if desired; the Gaekwar of Baroda and the Maharaja of Bharatpur placed the entire resources of their estates at the Government's service; the Aga Khan himself offered to serve as private in any regiment of the Indian army. Those who had no troops ready hastened to enlist their followers. It was not long before 70,000 troops were in movement, and thousands of horses; what the numbers are to-day cannot be said—we must accept the reticence of the authorities without demur. Enough is known to prove that the history of the world can show no parallel to the enthusiastic loyalty and patriotism of these our Indian fellow-subjects.

When the troopships arrived at Marseilles, in days when the war was still comparatively young, the world was given an object-lesson never to be forgotten of what can be accomplished by an appeal to man's highest. The land that was to have broken forth into revolution far more sweeping and deadly than the Mutiny of 1857, instead of revolt, was giving the best she had to offer. To the slanders and lyings of enemy tongues this was the answer: Britain, because she was fighting justly, was being vindicated by the enthusiastic assent of her sons from all corners of the Empire, and the underlying unity of the British Peace was proving itself nobly effective in stress of war. These men were coming from the banks of Ganges and Indus, from the plains and the hills, from quiet villages among the rice fields, from the crowded townships of mosque and bazaar—they were coming to conditions that were entirely strange to them, to a climate that would test their endurance to the uttermost, and to a species of warfare completely alien to their own ideas and capabilities. Many were coming still bound by ties of caste and by dietary rigors. What they suffered, and how bravely, we know in part; perhaps we shall never fully know the heroic record. Some glimpses and sidelights of the glory have shone forth to us.

When we come to what the individual Indian has done in the war, we are confronted by a difficulty. Deeds of magnificent daring and patient courage have been so constant, so numerous, that to single out any for mention seems an invidious slight on those that cannot be named; our recognition, our rewards, are necessarily so partial, so incomplete. But Britain cannot forget how the Dogra havildar, Gagna Singh, won his Victoria Cross—the first Indian to win it. The Dogras belong to the old Aryan Hindu stock, and have done good service in Chitral. It is only within a year or two that the Victoria Cross has been possible for a native Indian, just in time for the present war; the previous disability was a relic of a day that we may hope has passed for ever. Singh, who had shot an officer and killed ten Germans with his own hand, was the only survivor of a gallant little company, and was left for dead with five bullets in him. In a perilous moment at Ypres, Jamadar Mir Dast carried eight officers, British and Indian, into safety. Ghurka Kulbir Thapa stayed nobly by the side of a wounded Leicester, and at dawn carried him to a place of security, returning afterwards to fetch two wounded men of his own company. A Sepoy, Lal Singh, was the last to fall by the side of Lieutenant

J. G. Smyth when that hero was winning his Victoria Cross by carrying ammunition to some sorely pressed comrades. These are a few instances only, named with diffidence because one is always conscious of the grand courage, the patient suffering, which stay in the background, unnamed if not unnoted. Surely men such as these and the races to which they belong have won their admission to all our possible liberties and privileges through their baptism of blood and fire; and the community that can acknowledge them as fellow-subjects is enriched immeasurably by their presence. As their General said to the 1st Indian Army Corps, they are "the descendants of men who have been mighty rulers and great warriors for many centuries."

The twentieth century has brought them a new opportunity and a new glory. We are proud to claim them as British. But India knows that she is not only fighting for Great Britain and her Allies; she is fighting her own battles as well as ours. She covets no German iron heel to crush her down, any more than we for our peaceful English villages, our centres of industry. She also can appreciate an unselfish appeal—she can hear the cry of outraged smaller peoples, the wail of the injured and tortured and oppressed. These things, quickened it may be by some human lust of fighting, have crowded the highway from far India to Europe; these influences have brought men and treasures, Hindu and Moslem, Sikh, Parsi, Punjabi, Garwhal, Gurkha; horses from Gwalior, camels and drivers from the Punjab and Beluchistan, loyal offers of help from Khyber tribesmen, even an offer of troops from the Dalai Lama of Tibet, and the prayers of thousands of lesser Lamas. We know that at noon each day in England every church bell rings its call to prayer; but over there also, in mosque and temple of the most varied worships, prayer is going forth to the great spirit of Righteousness, that the righteous cause may be blessed and be triumphant. We thrill with wonder and with joy as we think of it; in our surprise and gladness we almost feel that the response is greater than our deserts, and we are fired with a determination to do whatever lies in our power for the future welfare of that Asia which is doing so much for us.

Gladstone said once that England had been able to rule India tolerably because of a fair conception of points in which that country differed from herself. To rule it "tolerably"—even that has won so fine a return; in future let us rule it nobly, devotedly, teaching it, as far as in us lies, to rule itself according to its own rightful aims and ideals. We may recall the fine zeal of Burke when he attempted the impeachment of Warren Hastings, conceiving that through Hastings we had failed in our highest duty. Though the impeachment miscarried, it was Burke, says Lord Morley, who impressed upon the national consciousness the fact that "Asiatics have rights and that Europeans have responsibilities." We may recall the terror and suspense that ran into fierce hatred when broken tidings of India's Mutiny reached the anguished homes of Britain, and when Disraeli told us to take down from our altars the images of Christ and replace them with those of Moloch if we intended to pursue a course of wild insensate revenge. Some stern things were done, but the better counsel prevailed in the end; and now, little more than half a century later, the world has seen the rising of a great light, a concentration of heroic self-sacrifice; and the lies of our enemies are confuted by the action of our far-scattered peoples. We expected our sons from Canada and Australasia—we knew them well enough to be sure of them, and we knew what men of the British Isles would do. Nor did we doubt that much of India would be loyal; but this splendid response has surpassed our dreams. This, and the fact that Boers are fighting for us, are two glories that have emerged from the darkness of a huge calamity. And we feel how the devotion was fitly sealed by that last visit paid by Lord Roberts to his old soldiers, when he hastened across the Channel to speak with them once more before he died, and to prove that a British General knows how to love.

## FINIS.

Goodbye, sweet heart? Ah, no!  
We said that long ago;  
It seemed in days so bright  
A mere goodnight,  
And yet I knew.  
So now when hope is dead  
Let grief die too . . . .  
Bid me goodnight instead.

ISABEL BUTCHART.





Frederick H. Evans.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Copyright.

"HERE ARE NO TEARS NOR ANY LIGHT OF LAUGHTER,  
ONLY THE MUSIC OF THE WORLD'S HEART BEATING  
SOUNDS THROUGH THE SILENCE."—Angela Gordon.\*

## INCREASING THE FOOD SUPPLIES BY SULPHATE OF AMMONIA

EVERY farmer in Great Britain should read and consider the important notice issued by the Board of Agriculture. Many no doubt have done so, but it is to be feared that a very large number do not study official pronouncements of this kind with the care they deserve. Therefore we reprint it below :

THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE AND SULPHATE OF AMMONIA.

AN OFFICIAL NOTICE TO FARMERS.

In view of the uncertainty as to the sufficiency of the supplies of sulphate of ammonia to meet the home demands during the next few months, it has been decided on the recommendation of the Fertilisers Committee, with the approval of the President of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries and the President of the Board of Trade, to suspend for the present the issue of licences for the export of sulphate of ammonia. Under normal conditions it is well known that the production of sulphate of ammonia considerably exceeds home requirements, but Lord Selborne confidently hopes that farmers will this year greatly increase their demands for fertilisers of all descriptions so as to stimulate so far as practicable the production from the

land and thus reduce the importation of foodstuffs. This stimulus is the more necessary to counterbalance in some degree the hindrances to production arising from shortage of labour and other causes. Lord Selborne therefore appeals to farmers generally to justify his belief in their enterprise and patriotism by availing themselves of the opportunity now provided to secure plentiful supplies of fertilisers.

Farmers are especially urged to place their orders for sulphate of ammonia at once, so as to enable the expected increased demand to be met without undue delay or difficulty.

The question that will first be asked about this is : Why has the Government placed special emphasis on sulphate of ammonia ? The answer is simple and complete : Because it is a British product. At this moment every minor consideration has to yield to the determination of this country to put an end to Prussian militarism. As Sir Edward Grey, the most moderate and judicious minded of statesmen, said in the House of Commons the other night, it was Prussian militarism that caused this curse in the shape of the cruellest



THE OBJECT OF ALL CULTIVATION.





THE FARMER'S YEAR.—1. PLOUGHING.

and bloodiest war to sweep like a flood over Europe, and now that our hand has been put to the plough it cannot be removed till the danger from Prussian militarism is ended. In order, then, to collect and concentrate the whole energy of which the Empire is possessed national economy has become one of the most pressing necessities of the hour. The rule for the nation and for the individual till hostilities

close is: Buy only goods of home manufacture; deny yourself everything for which money will have to be sent out of the country. Sulphate of ammonia, as the agricultural expert who describes it below emphasises, is a typical British product. Moreover, it is the best of artificial manures. The farmer will not only serve his country's interest but his own by purchasing and using it.



THE FARMER'S YEAR.—2. HARROWING.



THE FARMER'S YEAR.—3. SOWING.

Were there no national crisis, he would still be acting in the best interests of the country who exhorted cultivators of the soil to make a more extended use of artificial manures. Their Continental rivals have been far in front of them in the way in which they have been quick to realise the superior advantages of the farmer who takes the trouble to understand how and to what extent it is advisable to supplement the produce of the farmyard with that of the laboratory and factory. It has enabled the Germans to make their fields more fertile and bring into cultivation what previously was waste. It taught the Belgians how to get more produce and more profit out of the soil than any other country in the world. But the English farmer has adhered too long to certain methods which have now become old-fashioned and, indeed, hurtful. It is well enough to look back to the seventies, those prosperous years in the history of agriculture, and recall what splendid crops we produced then on English soil. They were, indeed, splendid as compared with those of any other country in Europe, but exact thinkers who compare the yield per acre then with the yield per acre now will

see that the results that were highly satisfactory in 1875 do not compare favourably with those which the good farmer expects forty years later. In that period the art and practice of agriculture has made a bound forward, and the plain truth is that the progress made by Continental cultivators has been very much greater than that made by their British contemporaries. The reason lies very largely in the smallness of the extent to which Britain has had recourse to artificial manures. It must be remembered that in the seventies vast quantities of manure were produced by horses, whose place is now taken by mechanical tractors. That has made the use of artificials necessary. It may be taken as absolutely certain that those who in the hard experience of war are compelled to use chemical manures will continue to do so for their own advantage after the war is over. But a manure like sulphate of ammonia is not the same as farmyard manure, which, being a combination of all kinds of plant food, will benefit the soil in any condition in which it may be. Sulphate of ammonia must be used as the painter painted his picture—"With brains, Sir." For this reason



THE FARMER'S YEAR.—4. ARTIFICIALS.





THE FARMER'S YEAR.—5. HARVEST.

we have commissioned an expert who adds to the practical knowledge gained by successful tillage in Belgium the best that the University of Louvain could supply in the way of science and theory. He was given instructions, which have been

faithfully carried out, to explain for the benefit of farmers the origin, process of manufacture, and method of application of sulphate of ammonia. Those who read his article will have mastered a lucrative branch of knowledge in husbandry.

## THE NATURE, USES AND APPLICATION OF SULPHATE OF AMMONIA

By H. VENDELMANS.

THERE is no subject on which British farmers stand in more need of awakening than artificial manures. The situation at present cries aloud for them. There is not only a prospect, but an assurance of high prices for farm produce. Labour is scarce and the use of artificials is much less favourable to the growth of weeds than the use of farmyard manure. Besides, the latter is unprocurable in the requisite quantities, and it has gone up enormously in price. At the moment of writing, inferior manure from streets and stables is selling within twenty-five miles of London at 7s. 6d. a ton—a price to which it has never before attained. Nevertheless, the best of all artificial manures, a home product, sulphate of ammonia, is made in Great Britain practically for use on foreign fields. Its exportation has been entirely prohibited during the present sowing season, but in normal years the British farmer buys only one ton out of every four tons manufactured and the other three are exported. In other words, the total production is about 400,000 tons and only 100,000 tons are retained in Britain, 300,000 tons going abroad. This deplorable state of things must arise wholly or in part from ignorance of the use and nature of sulphate of ammonia.

### WHAT IS SULPHATE OF AMMONIA?

Sulphate of ammonia is a neutral salt produced by the combination of ammonium gas ( $\text{NH}_3$ ) as base, and sulphuric acid ( $\text{H}_2\text{SO}_4$ ) as acid. Its chemical formula may be written  $\text{N}_2\text{H}_8\text{SO}_4$ , or  $(\text{NH}_4)_2\text{SO}_4$ , but clearer  $(\text{NH}_3)_2\text{H}_2\text{SO}_4$ , which shows at once the two constituents: two molecules of ammonium attached to one molecule of sulphuric acid.

Sulphate of ammonia contains nitrogen in combination with hydrogen under the form of ammonia ( $\text{NH}_3$ ) which is the only known form of combination of these two elements.

*This product constitutes the most valuable of all manures actually used on the farm, as it contains in an easily available form the highest content of the most costly manurial substance, namely, nitrogen.*

### NITROGEN CONTENTS.

A simple comparison between the prices of chemical manures shows clearly the value of nitrogen. In ordinary times its unit cost is about three times as much as the unit of phosphoric acid or potash.

When pure, sulphate of ammonia should contain 25.75 per cent. of ammonium. This corresponds to 21.2 per cent. of nitrogen, as we know that 1 of nitrogen is equal to 1.215 of ammonium. Pure, it is a white salt, but we know that it practically never is pure. It should not contain more than 5 per cent. of impurities and commercially it contains between 24 per cent. and 25 per cent. of ammonium, say, between 19.8 and 20.6 of nitrogen, though the nitrogen is generally counted at 20.2 per cent.

Sometimes, however, it has been found to contain only 19 per cent. of nitrogen, which must be considered too low, the margin for impurities being then too large, and this must be avoided, as we shall see later on, so that at least its nitrogenous contents are generally higher than those of cyanamide of calcium or nitrolim ( $\text{CN}_2\text{Ca}$ ), but much higher than those of nitrate of soda, 15.5 per cent., and of nitrate of lime being about 13 per cent. of nitrogen.

### SULPHATE IS THE RICHEST NITROGENOUS MANURE.

*So that sulphate of ammonia is richer than the best of the concentrated nitrogenous manures. A comparison between the nitrogen of sulphate of ammonia and farmyard manure shows that an average sample of the latter often contains only about 1/2 per cent. of nitrogen, so that in one ton of sulphate of ammonia there is as much nitrogen as in 40 tons (not 40 cartloads) of farmyard manure.*

### WHY SULPHATE OF AMMONIA SHOULD BE BOUGHT WITH A GUARANTEED ANALYSIS.

Sulphate of ammonia may contain some impurities and range from a dirty grey colour to almost a clear white. That is how it appears on the market. But it may sometimes have a black, bluish, yellowish or red colour. These coloured manures contain often sulpho-cyanides, and cyanides are

virulent plant poisons. Sulphate of ammonia containing them should be avoided.

The presence of sulpho-cyanides of ammonium may be easily recognised. If a solution is made and turns red on the addition of perchloride of iron, then one may know that it contains cyanides.

It sometimes happens that white sulphate of ammonia contains a part of free sulphuric acid and may burn hands, clothes, machinery and plants, with which it comes into contact. Therefore, sulphate of ammonia should never be bought without a guarantee of contents and of freedom from poisons and harmful matter, which is always readily given by good manufacturers.

Because of its high value, it is sometimes adulterated with substances of less, or no, manurial value, such as sulphate of sodium, chloride of sodium and white sand, but these adulterations are easily detected. It is sufficient to heat a sample on a red hot shovel. If pure, it will disappear and leave no residue. If anything remains it proves adulteration.

Sulphate of ammonia may be easily recognised, as it emits a strong ammoniacal odour when heated with lime. Fortunately, it is the well established custom among manufacturers of sulphate of ammonia to give a satisfactory guarantee as to its purity. The best protection for the purchaser is to go to a merchant of repute.

We should never buy low content sulphate of ammonia, because its high contents constitute one of its qualities.

#### SOURCES OF ITS PRODUCTION.

Sulphate of ammonia may be produced in different ways.

1. Dry distillation of bones, leather and other animal products rich in nitrogen gives off ammonium, which may be combined with sulphuric acid, thus forming sulphate of ammonia.

2. Ammonium is produced by distilling paraffin shale.

3. Another ammonium is recovered from gases discharged from blast furnaces and turned into sulphate of ammonia.

4. From the residues of sugar beet.

5. The most important source of sulphate of ammonia is that produced by distillation of coal in ovens where coke is made for industrial purposes.

6. Ammonium is produced by coal gas distillation. Ammonium is injurious to gas, and therefore has to be eliminated. Ammonium is very soluble in water, and when the gas is passed through water it remains in solution. This solution constitutes the "gas liquor," which contains about 1 per cent. of ammonium, sometimes more. This gas liquor is then treated.

The ammonium is now transformed into sulphate of ammonia. But as the gas liquor contains some other substances besides the ammonium, sulpho-cyanides may in certain cases be present in the sulphate. The sulphate containing cyanides should not be put on the market, and generally is not.

#### ENGLAND THE CHIEF PRODUCER.

Sulphate of ammonia is produced in England in very large quantities. England is the largest producer in the world, and manufactures about 400,000 tons annually. The two last mentioned sources of sulphate of ammonia are sufficiently important in themselves to meet the greater portion of the demand in Great Britain without there being any need to import foreign nitrogenous manures. Were the British farmers to extend the use of it to the extent justified by considerations of good husbandry, it would be easy to increase their supply by laying down new plant to satisfy at the same time agriculture and the other industries in which it is used. The increased demand for home-grown food is sure to react on the manufacture of sulphate of ammonia.

In ordinary circumstances England exports three-fourths of the total sulphate of ammonia to foreign countries, and here we are faced with a strange economic phenomenon. England produces large quantities of sulphate of ammonia—the most valuable nitrogenous manure—but the English farmer does not seem to realise the value of it, as a large part is exported to other countries, and at the same time we import from foreign countries (Chili, Norway, etc.) other nitrogenous manures. We have to pay large shipping costs on substitutes for what we have at home, while foreign countries, which can get other nitrogenous manures from the same countries at the same prices as ourselves, appreciate our product more than we do. At any rate, they are willing to pay shipping costs on it.

#### WHY IS SULPHATE OF AMMONIA NEGLECTED?

There seems to be only one possible explanation of this fact—the more intelligent appreciation of the value of this manure in foreign countries. It is of the utmost importance that this knowledge should be impressed on the mind of the English farmer. Although in this country for a considerable period leading agriculturists have used sulphate of ammonia intelligently and freely, and although Lawes, Gilbert and Hall are the highest recognised authorities on sulphate of ammonia, the use of it has not become sufficiently known to the ordinary farmer. Therefore the hesitation about using it does not arise from lack of evidence or experience. The most intelligent modern farmers do so freely, yet the total consumption in this country amounts to only 100,000 tons, and of this a considerable portion is employed for other industrial purposes. Therefore, the following advice may be safely offered to those who still refrain. *First of all, do not judge manures by their price and take the cheapest for the best.* For we know that very often the dearest is the cheapest in the long run. The value to be paid in sulphate of ammonia is that of nitrogen, but as its nitrogen contents are the highest, its value is high, but in every circumstance the price of the unit of nitrogen will be lower than in other manures. So that really it is cheaper to use, since the nitrogen content is higher, while the cost of transport is no more per ton than that of a poorer manure. *In order to give the same nitrogenous manuring, we may give 100lb. of sulphate of ammonia against 135lb. of nitrate.* Nitrogen is present in a form which does not involve loss under ordinary conditions. It can be stored in a dry shed for a long time without fear of deterioration, provided it is not in contact with basic slag or lime.

Sulphate of ammonia can be applied at any time of the year and it will not be washed away in the drains, as it is held fast in the soil. It is unlike nitrate of soda, which is washed away in winter, while even in summer the soil may be deprived of it by heavy rains.

Generally nitrate is said not to be lost during summer months, as although it may waste in the first place, the capillarity of the soil enables it to rise again within reach of the roots, but as heavy rains often occur in summer flooding the natural drains underground, nitrate may easily sink out of the reach of the roots and real losses occur.

Sulphate of ammonia should never be mixed with lime or basic slag before distribution, but it may be mixed with superphosphate or kainit for application at the same time. When applied at the same time as lime or basic slag, the sulphate should be put in separately and harrowed at once. In this case practically no losses will occur owing to its great affinity for the soil.

#### THE ADVANTAGES OF USING SULPHATE OF AMMONIA.

The greater portion is, however, taken up by the plants after nitrification, although the experiments of two savants, Müntz and Breal, have proved that corn crops may use it directly without passing through the nitrate state, and this fact is important for the autumn and spring manuring. The greater proportion, however, is, after transformation into nitrate, thence assimilated by the crops, advantages which can be claimed for sulphate of ammonia.

1. Sulphate of ammonia is sold in a form in which it is either immediately available as plant food or is changed into an easily assimilated form.

2. It is better than in the nitrolim form ( $\text{CN}_2\text{Ca}$ ), which has to be turned into ammonium before it can be taken up by the plants.

3. Sulphate of ammonia has the great advantage over nitrate of not being subjected to loss; it can be applied at any time of the year, and gives the plants every chance to absorb it.

#### THE PROCESS OF NITRIFICATION.

When applied to autumn or winter cereals a part of its ammonium continues to be transformed into nitrates as long as circumstances allow nitrification to go on. Plants take in the nitrate formed, but when nitrification is stopped, Müntz and Breal, the well known experts, have proved that the sulphate is taken up in the form of ammonia as long as growth continues. After winter, when nitrification again takes place, the absorption is increased once more.

Sometimes it is asserted that sulphate of ammonia will not suit all soils. But this occurs only (1) when the Law of the Minimum is not satisfied, and in that case no other nitrogenous manures would have acted, and (2) when the soil is deficient in lime. Lime is necessary to the process of nitrification. The ammonium *radicale* reacts on the lime humates to fix the ammonium, liberating at the same time



a corresponding quantity of lime. Then the ammonium is attacked by the bacilli of nitrification and turned first into nitrite and afterwards into nitrate. Therefore, oxygen is necessary. Hence the value of well working the soil. At that stage of transformation the bacilli depend upon lime in the form of carbonate for their existence and for reaction.

In cold weather nitrification stops. Warmth is a factor of the nitrification process as the bacilli do not act in a cold temperature, but when the temperature rises, nitrification goes on rapidly. So that nitrification and high assimilability proceed parallel with plant growth. But a soil deficient in lime is not a good nor a sound soil. It is sour and not able to give crops of the best quality. Therefore it should be supplied with lime as well as with sulphate of ammonia. The fault is not with the sulphate of ammonia, but with the soil.

Sulphate of ammonia reacts with carbonate of lime and forms carbonate of ammonium and sulphate of lime. No losses occur when there is humus and lime in the soil, as long as the ammonium is not nitrified. As lime is lost in the drains through the process of nitrification, it should be supplied to the soil where it does not occur naturally—this is essential for the effective use of sulphate of ammonia. One of the good characteristics of sulphate of ammonia is that its action is such as takes place in the farmyard manures, that is to say, is progressive and continuous. The nitrogen of the farmyard manure, also, must be nitrified in the soil.

Sulphate of ammonia, when used at proper times and in proper conditions, is suitable for nearly all crops. In wet seasons it will act more favourably than any other nitrogenous manure, as it does not sink out of the reach of the roots. Experience, however, has proved that it is to be preferred for malting barley as giving better quality, whereas for wheat it may be as good as other nitrogenous manures. For potatoes it is to be preferred. On mangolds and swedes good results have been obtained recently, and the best quality seems to have been obtained by the use of sulphate of ammonia. On well drained grass land sulphate of ammonia works splendidly. A good effect often produced by its use is that the nitric acid produced by the process of nitrification as well as the sulphuric acid liberated have to be neutralised by a base, generally lime, so that *plâtre*, the French synonym for plaster, is formed. In this form lime is easily taken up by the plant.

Sulphate of ammonia in comparison with organic manures must be considered as a quick-acting manure. In spring-time, however, a part application of nitrate of soda, before the sulphate of ammonia acts sufficiently, may be reckoned on to produce a sweeping effect.

One of the excellent results obtained from sulphate of ammonia is due to its progressive action, comparable in some ways to that of guano, although that of the sulphate is always completed within the year of application. *Preference has often been given to nitrate of soda because of its quick effect, but one must be reminded that to give the whole of the nutriment at once is not the best way, and that plants as well as beasts must be fed properly during the whole time of their growth.* Therefore, sulphate of ammonia is more suitable than nitrate.

In autumn the whole supply of sulphate of ammonia should not be given, but a part should be reserved for spring manuring in order to avoid losses by too much nitrification.

It should be observed that the good effects of soot manuring are largely due to the sulphate of ammonia it contains.

#### A GENUINE ENGLISH PRODUCT.

Perhaps the least, but still an important, reason why sulphate of ammonia should be used by English farmers in preference to foreign products is that nitrate of soda comes from Chili, nitrolim from Norway or other foreign countries, while sulphate of ammonia is "*Made in England.*" It is a genuine English product, as England is the largest producer of sulphate of ammonia in the world, producing the coals which are the most suitable for its production. It is made from English coal coming out of English soil manipulated over and over again by English hands, carried on English railways, thus bringing home wealth to labour and industry. It bears the mark of its country and has the renowned value of its best manufactured products, and agriculturists in order to label their products as "English" should use sulphate of ammonia for the growth of their crops, as best products will give the best crops.

The quantities to be used may vary from 1 cwt. or 1½ cwt. for ordinary crops, to 2 cwt. or 2½ cwt. for some

very heavy root crops. For spring application it should be given preferably in March. But as sulphate of ammonia contains nitrogen alone the farmer must not confine himself to its use, but must necessarily associate it with phosphates and possibly with potash.

Sulphate of ammonia has been tried on all kinds of soils, on all kinds of crops, all over the country, and where the required conditions for its own use were fulfilled, favourable results have been recorded. The use of sulphate of ammonia has often given an additional value of £3, £4, £5 to the acre, which means an increase of £300, £400, £500 to 100 acres.

In order to confirm former results, more recently fresh experiments have been undertaken. They were conducted by an experienced man, executed by farmers, controlled by farmers, and their results ascertained by other farmers, so that these experiments might be referred to and taken as examples by fair sulphate purchasers. The experiments were made in equal conditions for each plot.

#### 1915.—WHEAT.

To the acre. Excess due to rcwt. and 1½cwt. of sulphate of ammonia.

*Northumberland.*—Mr. Andrew Cuthbert, Earsdon Hill, Chevington, 20 bushels of grain and 17cwt. of straw. Mr. Renton, North Brenkley, Dudley, R.S.O., 10½ bushels of grain and 7½cwt. of straw.

*South Western District.*—Mr. William Sawyer, of Halfway Farm, Ulksham, Wilts, obtained an excess of 9 bushels of grain owing to the use of rcwt. of sulphate of ammonia.

*Yorkshire.*—Mr. Alfred Swift, Round Green, Barnsley, obtained an increase of 4½ bushels of grain owing to the use of rcwt. of sulphate of ammonia.

*Oxon.*—Mr. A. Busby, Langford, Bicester, obtained an increase of 7 bushels to the acre.

*Bucks.*—Mr. E. F. Heley, Waterloo, Wing, obtained an increase of 9 bushels to the acre, and Mr. H. N. Clode, Stonepit Farm, Emberton, obtained an increase of 10 bushels to the acre.



WITH SULPHATE OF AMMONIA.



24 TONS WITH.

17 TONS WITHOUT.

**1915.—OATS**

*County Durham*.—Mr. J. Brown, Place Farm, High Usworth, obtained 17 bushels increase owing to sulphate of ammonia.

*Cumberland*.—Mr. J. W. T. Gibson, Cumcatch, Brampton, obtained an increase of 10½ bushels owing to sulphate of ammonia.

*Yorks*.—Mr. R. Woods, Fullands Farm, Hunton, 22 bushels.

*Oxon*.—Mr. C. C. Barrett, Finmere, obtained an increase of 8 bushels.

**1915.—BARLEY.**

*Yorks*.—Mr. J. Bell of Brookside, Little Ayton, obtained with sulphate of ammonia 65 bushels, being an increase of 11 bushels in comparison with the field without sulphate of ammonia.

*Somerset*.—Mr. W. Foxwell of Higher Manor Farm, Taunton, obtained on the sulphate of ammonia plot 44 bushels to the acre, being an increase of 9 bushels on the plot which did not receive sulphate of ammonia.

**1915.—POTATOES.**

*County Derry*.—To the acre. In medium loam soil and sandy subsoil Mr. Daniel Patterson of Drumadraw, Coleraine, obtained for a manuring of 15 ton farmyard rcwt. of superphosphate, rcwt. of sulphate of potash and rcwt. of sulphate of ammonia for the variety Up to Date 20 ton 4cwt. to the acre, and for the variety Eclipse 21 ton 11cwt.

*County Down*.—In clay-loam soil and clay subsoil Mr. John McFadden of Grimsshaw obtained for a manuring of 15 tons farmyard, 4cwt. of superphosphate and 1½cwt. of sulphate of ammonia 24 ton 1cwt. to the acre.

*Torquay*.—Mr. T. H. Kerslake, of the Estate Office (Major Mallock), Cockington, obtained by using 1½cwt. of sulphate of ammonia an increase per acre of 6 tons 8cwt. of potatoes.

*Somerset*.—Mr. Walter Austin, South Petherton, obtained in same conditions an increase of 3 tons.

**1915.—SWEDES.**

*County Cork*.—Mr. J. J. O'Donoghue, Kilbrin, Kanturk, obtained 43 tons 15 cwt. of roots by the supplementary use of 1 cwt. of sulphate of ammonia.

*County Down*.—Mr. J. Jackson, Barnamaghery, Crossgar, obtained 56 tons 5 cwt. of roots.

*County Derry*.—Mr. S. S. Young, Bellemont, Coleraine, obtained 47 tons 6 cwt. of roots.

**1915.—MANGOLDS.**

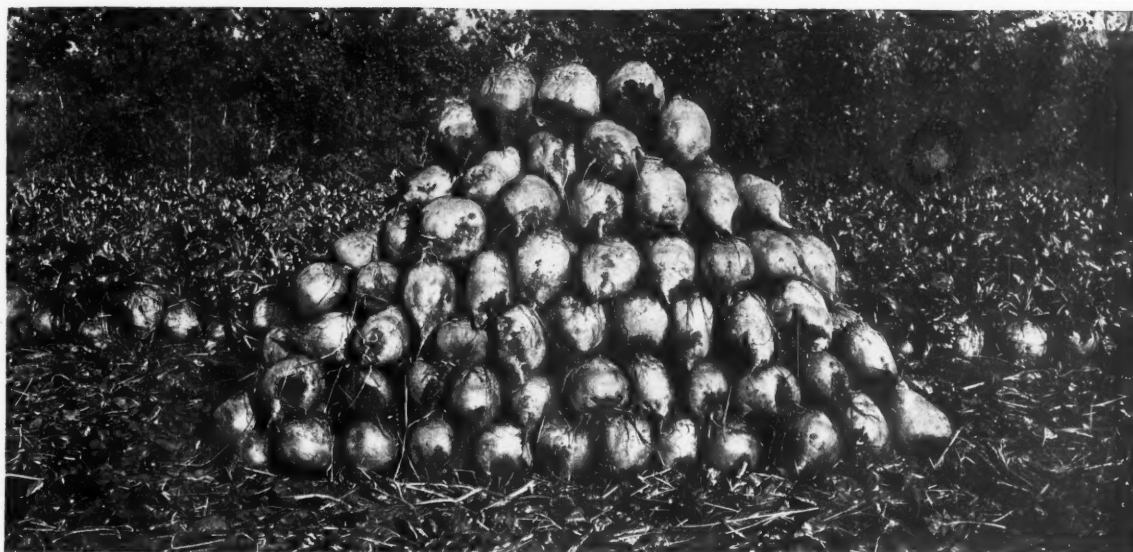
*Somerset*.—Mr. George Willy of Coles Farm, South Petherton, obtained 76 tons 5 cwt. of mangolds to the acre when Mr. Vernon Smith of Hunterston, Nantwich, obtained 63½ tons and Mr. Arthur Henry West of Bushton Farm, Tutbury, obtained 63 tons 5 cwt. of mangolds to the acre owing to the use of sulphate of ammonia, while an exceptional case of a production of 70 tons 10 cwt. was met with at Mr. W. T. Withers of Faber Farm, Harnbrook, Bristol.

*County Down*.—Mr. J. Jackson, Barnamaghery, Crossgar, obtained 72 tons by using 2 cwt. of sulphate of ammonia.



WITH SULPHATE AND WITHOUT IT.





GOOD MANURE—GOOD CROP.

*County Derry.*—Mr. S. S. Young, Bellemont, Coleraine, obtained 101 tons by using  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cwt. of sulphate of ammonia.

*Northants.*—Mr. J. North, Hinton-in-the-Hedges, Brackley, obtained an increase of about 9 tons owing to the use of 2 cwt. of sulphate of ammonia to the acre.

*Cornwall.*—At Bodmin on the farm of Mr. J. Littleton and Mr. T. Matthews respectively an increase of 6 tons 17 cwt. and 7 tons 2 cwt. was found, while at Liskeard on the farm of Mr. E. Hoskins an increase of 24 tons 9 cwt. was ascertained owing to the use of sulphate of ammonia.

*Devonshire.*—At Cullumpton on the farm of Mr. C. Baker, Five Bridges, an increase of 15 tons 9 cwt. was found owing to the use of sulphate of ammonia. At Plymstock on the farm of Mr. T. Hocking, an increase of 12 tons 14 cwt. occurred. At Teignmouth on the farm of Mr. James A. Stidston, an increase of 13 tons occurred. At Pinhoe on Mr. W. Turner's farm, 13 tons 11 cwt. increase.

## 1915.—HAY.

*Somerset.*—Mr. M. Cross, Manor Farm, Misterton, obtained an increase of 1 ton 1 cwt. to the acre by using  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cwt. of sulphate of ammonia; at Chard, on Mr. Guppy's farm, an increase of 1 ton 1 cwt. was found.

*Dorset.*—Mr. J. H. Dare, Synderford Farm, Thorncombe, obtained an increase of 19 cwt. to the acre by using  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cwt. of sulphate of ammonia.

*Yorks.*—Sir Hugh Bell, Bart., of Rounten, Northallerton, obtained on clover hay, 3 tons 2 cwt., being an increase, owing to the sulphate of ammonia, of 1 ton 2 cwt.

## 1915.—OX CABBAGES.

*Crewe.*—Mr. C. J. Wood of Wrinehill Hall, Betley, obtained for a manuring to the acre of 14 tons of farmyard, 2 cwt. of superphosphates, 2 cwt. of dissolved bones and 2 cwt. of sulphate of ammonia, 52 tons 17 cwt. of ox cabbages.

*Derby.*—In heavy red marl soil and clay subsoil, Mr. Arthur Henry West, of Bushton Farm, Tutbury, Burton-on-Trent, obtained for a manuring of 4 tons of ground lime, 22 tons of farmyard manure, 4 cwt. of superphosphate and 3 cwt. of sulphate of ammonia, 54 tons 15 cwt. of ox cabbages. In light loam soil and clay subsoil, Mr. William Gibbs of Brund House, Kirk Langley, obtained for a manuring of 20 tons farmyard, 5 cwt. cabbage manure and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cwt. sulphate of ammonia, 61 tons, 4 cwt. of ox cabbages.

*Somerset.*—At Taunton, on Mr. R. J. Southwold's farm, an increase of 16 tons 3 cwt. was ascertained by the use of sulphate of ammonia.

These figures, which plainly speak for themselves, must convince even the most incredulous, and should induce every farmer to make a more liberal use of sulphate of ammonia.



A SAMPLE OF WHAT THE FIELD PRODUCED.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## THE AMERICAN BATTLE HYMN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was very much interested in the account of the American Battle Hymn which appears in last week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE. You may like to know that this hymn is included in a small collection of about fifty hymns, "Hymns of War and Peace," which has been in use in the Temple Church since quite early in the present war. I knew nothing of the history of this particular hymn, but always wanted to sing it to the tune of "John Brown's Body," so am glad to learn that my idea was not quite outrageous.—M. CALDCLEUGH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was very glad that you printed Julia Ward Howe's Battle Hymn in your "Literary Notes" of February 26th, but you left out the final stanza. May I add it?

"He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave  
He is wisdom to the mighty, He is succour to the brave  
So the world shall be His footstool and the soul of Time His slave  
Our God is marching on."

These lines surely make a fitting climax.—KATHLEEN PURCELL WEAVER.

[The omission of this last stanza from the generally accepted version seems to be due to not having been used by the composer when the hymn was set to music.—ED.]

## WHAT SOUTH WALES HAS DONE FOR THE WAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent on February 12th omitted the Vaughans of Trawscoed; Earl of Lisburne, Welsh Guards; Lieutenant-Colonel Wilmot-Vaughan, Lancashire Fusiliers; Captain Ernest Vaughan, Grenadier Guards; Captain G. E. Vaughan, Coldstream Guards, wounded and Military Cross; all the males of the family being thus represented.—X.

## THE FIGHTING CHAUFFEUR'S POINT OF VIEW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a letter from my chauffeur, a man of forty-six, who joined the Motor Transport Section in the early days of the war. He is an absolutely first-rate chauffeur in every respect. When he left for the war I think he took some twenty recruits with him. His letter seems to me to give some interesting details of the state of affairs at the front from the chauffeur's point of view, and you may like to print it.—E. H.

"Well, I am pleased to tell you that I am keeping very fit and well, in spite of all the roughing one gets. I think the life must be a healthy one, as with all the thousands of troops one hardly ever hears of any sickness among them. I have slept in a shed by the side of the car all the winter, and have never had a cold yet, although I must not boast—we may have some very bad weather yet. Up to now we have had nothing but rain. I do not think it has missed a day, and considering we are stuck here in Flanders, a flat country, nothing but clay, you may be sure we are always up to our knees in mud. We have no roads left, so it is a terrible job getting about. If it had not been for the narrow piece of *pavé* in the middle of the roads, it would have been impossible to move transport about. What with bad *pavé* and shell holes, it is almost a work of art driving a car. I am kept very busy seven days a week, and work hard to keep the General's car going. The other divisional cars are nearly always away at the repair column, broken springs, back axles, etc. You see, all the night driving around the lines must be done with lights out. We want every man to join up and get to work when the better weather comes, so that we may make some move towards finishing this beastly business. It is terrible to see the sacrifices from both sides which have to be made daily. Still, for myself, I do not think it will ever go on to the end of this year."

## COTSWOLD SCULPTURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not see your quite admirable paper till "rather late in the day," or I would have written before to suggest that, *à propos* of "Cotswold Sculpture," there is a wonderful little carving on the outside of Fairford Church, known to everyone for its marvellous windows. The figure is that of a boy, and apparently of the date of the windows, *circa* 1500. He is climbing over the edge of the parapet, not far from the south and main door, looking over his shoulder as he does so. The body and legs are dwarfed, but the face is beautiful, full of intelligence (exactly like that of a youth descending a tree in a hurry), and as wonderfully preserved as most of the grotesques of the same period all about him. I tried to get a photograph when I went over the church, but owing to the peculiar position, both amateur and professional efforts were foiled.—"HORATIA."

## RADIUM IN COAL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—At all times, but more particularly at the present moment, any scientific discovery which will enable more food to be produced on the soil of these islands is of paramount importance. The effect of radium emanations on the quickening and increasing of the growth of plants and all forms of vegetable life is now definitely known and established. It is surmised that to a depth of 45mm. the "crust" of the earth is charged with a certain proportion of the element radium, the percentage increasing with the depth. The discovery by Professor Barton Scammell, M.S.C.I., of Hadleigh, Essex, and his French colleagues, that coal contains radium, which by a simple method of preparation can be used in the form of "lignaite," as a means of radiumising the soil, has enabled our agriculturists to make full use of the emanations of radium in hastening and increasing the growth of all crops. It has been my privilege to inspect crops of peas, beet, turnips, and many other vegetables and cereals grown on radiumised soil in the

West of England, the South-East of Scotland and the South-West of Ireland. The results have been extraordinary. Not only have much heavier crops been obtained, but the period of maturity has been hastened—a very important point for the farmer. A striking peculiarity of radiumised soil is its power of drawing moisture from the air. This is particularly noticeable, the result being that crops on the radiumised soil were entirely protected from the effects of the drought experienced last season. The general adoption of the process will undoubtedly add very considerably to our agricultural resources, and the action of the Government in promoting its use is a move in the right direction.—G. E. BOTTOMLEY.

## THE ORIGIN OF PANCAKES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Everyone is in the habit of eating pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, but possibly nobody is aware of their origin or why this particular dish is invariably included in the menu. An old writer tells us that a curious tradition exists in this connection in several villages in the neighbourhood of Sherwood Forest. It appears that when the Danes arrived at Linby the Saxon men made their escape into the Forest, and I regret to say, left their wives and daughters, etc., behind them. Consequently, the Danes annexed the Saxon women to keep house for them. This occurred just before the season of Lent, and the Saxon women, encouraged thereto by their absent male relatives, made a resolution to massacre their Danish masters on Ash Wednesday. Each woman who agreed to do this was to bake pancakes for their meal on Shrove Tuesday by way of a pledge to fulfil the vow. This was done, and that the massacre of the Danes *did* take place on an Ash Wednesday is, as the writer informs us, "an historical fact." On the Monday preceding Shrove Tuesday children in twos and threes made a house to house visitation in their respective parishes begging for contributions of eggs, flour, butter, etc., and singing the following ditty:

"Lent Crock, give a pancake,  
Or a fritter for my labour,  
Or a dish of flour, or a piece of bread,  
Or what you please to render.  
I see by the latch,  
There's something to catch,  
I see by the string,  
There's a good dame within,  
Trap, trapping throw,  
Give me my mumps, and I'll be go."

—G. V. C.

## IF GAME PRESERVING WERE TO CEASE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Is game preserving responsible for all the ills to which the agriculturist is heir? So it would almost appear from the discussions which took place, and the resolutions which were passed at the annual meeting of the Scottish Farmers' Union. It was stated that grass parks and arable fields are every year seriously damaged by the inroads of rabbits, and that sheep stocks suffer severely from the depredations of foxes. It was decided to arrange a conference with the English Union in order to have "pressure brought on the Government with the view of getting the game laws remodelled." The husbandman often forgets that for the repression of rabbits the remedy is in his own hands. The Ground Game Act gives him ample power for dealing with them in the most effective way that he can devise. If they multiply unduly and work havoc among his crops, he can scarcely blame anyone but himself. But this merely by the way. The point I specially wish to make is this—that if the game laws were to be abrogated to-morrow farmers would soon have cause to rue the change. Vermin of all kinds would wax abundant, and exact a heavy toll of crops and stocks. It is vain to urge that farmers should combine for the paying and housing of an efficient staff of trappers and watchers. They would do nothing of the sort. The Statistical Accounts make it evident that, although foxhunters were employed in Scotland as early as the middle of the eighteenth century, the collection of the special tax, or "fox money," was always attended with the greatest difficulty. The same apathy that prevailed, say, a hundred years ago would prevail again, and predaceous birds and mammals would soon have the complete freedom of our uplands and straths. Then farmers ought not to forget that, if no sporting rents were any longer to accrue, local rates would go up to an unconscionable level—and remain there.—A. H.

## HOW TO CLEAN A PLASTER GROUP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any of your readers tell me the best way to clean a life-size plaster group of two little boys, a deerhound and bloodhound? They were executed by Thomas Longley, the models being our own boys and dogs, and years ago, they were put in order by a very old man (evidently skilled in his work, but retired from it) who at once recognised the name of Longley and said he had worked under him in the Houses of Parliament (I think). But now the plaster is very much in need of being cleaned, and I should like to do it at home if only I knew the way.—STATUARY.

[If the plaster has not been treated in any way, the only method is to rub it with stale bread or dough, used as indiarubber is used on paper. If it has been painted or distempered, it is unsafe to attempt the removal of the existing coats, and it must be treated again in the same way. Sometimes plaster figures are hardened immediately after they have been cast by painting on several coats of "white polish." This is a saturated solution of white shellac and methylated spirit, and is applied with a brush until the surface of the plaster begins to shine faintly. If the figures in question have been thus treated they can only be cleaned with soap and water applied with a sponge.—ED.]



## SIMNEL CAKES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The fourth Sunday in Lent, commonly called Mid-Lent Sunday, has another ancient name, that of "Mothering Sunday," from old observances connected with it. At the beginning of the seventeenth century it was the practice on the mid-Sunday in Lent for young people to take a present of a cake to their parents, hence the day itself came to be called "Mothering Sunday." A prominent dish on this day was "frumenty," or wheat grains boiled in milk, sugared and spiced. In the northern parts of England and Scotland there seems to have been a pudding of steeped peas fried in butter, with pepper and salt; cakes made thus were called "Carlings," and so "Carling" Sunday became the local name for the day. It was also an old custom to make a rich cake, called "Simnel Cake." The crust was composed of flour and water, with saffron to colour it yellow, and the interior was filled with plum cake. When ready for sale, the crust was as hard as wood which has given rise to stories as to how they were treated when received as a present by persons who had not seen them before; one ordering it to be boiled to soften it, another taking it for a footstool! The name "Simnel" is found in early English and also in very old French, and it appears in mediæval Latin as *Simanellus*, or *Siminellus*. Some say that the father of Lambert Simnel, the Pretender in the reign of Henry VII, was a baker and the first maker of "Simnels." There is also a story that long ago there lived an old couple named Simon and Nelly, whose children assembled about them once a year. Having some unbaked dough still left from Lent, Nelly suggested that a cake should be made for the family. Simon agreed and reminded his wife that there was some Christmas plum pudding put away in a cupboard which might form the interior of the cake, and be a pleasant surprise. When the cake was made a quarrel arose. Simon insisted it should be boiled, while Nelly chose it should be baked! The dispute came from words to blows, and might have had serious results if Nelly had not proposed that the cake should be boiled first and then baked. Accordingly it was put in the pot and some eggs broken in the scuffle used to glaze the crust. This new production in confectionery became known by the name of the cake of Simon and Nelly, but soon half of each name only was kept and joined together, and has become known as the cake of "Sim-Nell," or "Simnel."—SWASTIKA.

## SCANDINAVIAN WOODPIGEONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Being a constant reader of your paper and especially interested in bird life, I see a letter *re* "Woodpigeons in Essex." We live just over two miles from the centre of the city of Birmingham. There is a turf field in front of the house, also a large, well timbered public park at the back. For about a month past I have been most curious as to what kind was a flock of about twenty woodpigeons, as they were different to any I had seen, having the ring round their neck and so very quick in rising when alarmed. Now I know they are the Scandinavians referred to by your correspondent. I think it is wonderful for them to come so near a big city, although we had had magpies and a squirrel some few years ago. We also have a cottage on the river at Stratford-on-Avon, and had two nightingales' nests in the garden, in which young were reared successfully.—HELEN WILLIS.

## RACING PIGEONS USED ON WAR SERVICE AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

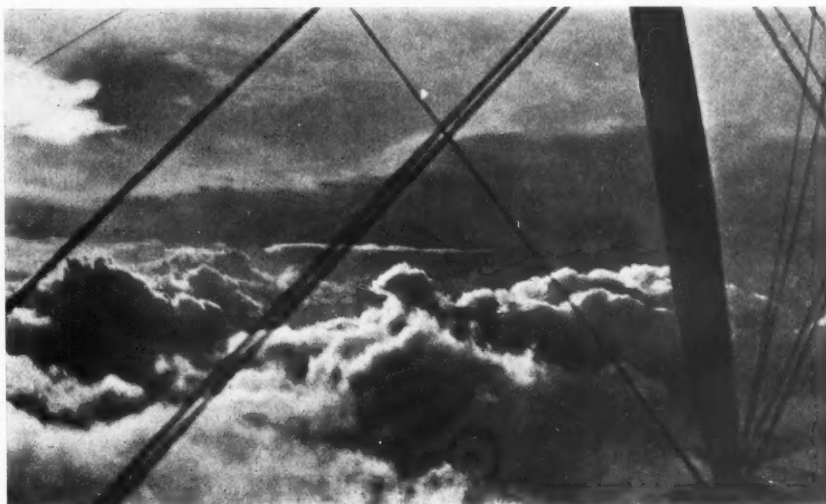
SIR,—The War Office, through the medium of the Press, has recently drawn attention to the destruction of homing or carrier pigeons used for naval and military purposes. Many of these birds have been shot at and killed or wounded when homing to their lofts. To bring this important matter more prominently before the public an instructive case containing some typical examples of racing pigeons and their wild allies has now been placed on exhibition in the Central Hall at the Natural History Museum, Cromwell Road. As the homing pigeons at present in use closely resemble ordinary dove-cot pigeons and wild rock doves and stock doves, the public are earnestly requested to refrain from shooting at any birds of this type. Homing pigeons are less likely to be mistaken for wood pigeons or ring doves, but great care should be exercised, and single birds passing overhead should in no case be shot at. Any person finding a dead or wounded homing pigeon should take it or give information immediately to the nearest military authorities or police station. Attention is drawn to the fact that there is a very heavy penalty for shooting a homing pigeon. Racing or homing pigeons are of various colours, including red chequers, blue chequers, blues, mealies, blacks and birds of these colours with white flight feathers and pied markings. The metal rings on their legs are the means by which the birds are registered by their owners. They can be identified by the letters and figures on these rings. The three racing pigeons shown are from the loft of Captain A. H. Osman. One of these, a

red chequer hen, 451—and a very famous pigeon—had flown twice from Lerwick to London, 595 miles; twice from Thurso to London, 505 miles; and four times from Banff to London, 435 miles. This bird had won no fewer than thirty first prizes in races, including a race of 82 miles when in its tenth year. Besides winning races it had won numerous prizes at shows. The other two birds shown, a blue chequer cock and a blue hen mounted on the wing, are both message-carriers and typical specimens of racing or homing pigeons. Racing pigeons fly at a speed of about 880 yards per minute against a head wind; when calm, at about 1,200 yards to 1,300 yards per minute, and with a helping wind, from 1,400 yards to 2,000 yards per minute. The height at which they fly depends much upon the wind. In very cold weather or when flying against a head wind, they fly very low, within easy gun shot, and frequently not more than 150ft. to 300ft. from the ground. In calm, warm and fine weather they fly at a height of about 2,700ft. When flying they can be distinguished from wood pigeons and rock doves by their greater stretch of wing; they also fly in a straight line and faster, with a more even beat of the wings.—W. R. OGILVIE-GRANT.

## AEROPLANE PHOTOGRAPHY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending a couple of photographs of clouds taken from an



CLOUDS FROM AN AEROPLANE.—I.



CLOUDS FROM AN AEROPLANE.—II.

aeroplane which I think may interest readers of *COUNTRY LIFE*. Of course, one has seen plenty of cloud pictures taken from heights, but there is a difference in the interrupted cloudscapes of a mountainous region and the uninterrupted masses one gets over an ordinary lowland country—or so it seems to the flying man.—LIEUTENANT (Royal Flying Corps).

## THE TICHMARSH CEDAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Henry Walker's letter in your issue of the 15th inst. with regard to the large cedar at Tichmarsh Rectory, Northants, I do not think the tree in question can be anywhere near 400 years old, as I have always been given to understand on good authority that cedars were not introduced into this country till 1664.—ARTHUR G. CHAPMAN.

[Mr. Henry Walker, to whom we sent the above letter, writes as follows: "In Murray's 'Northamptonshire' it is stated that the above cedar was planted in 1627, and was then twenty years old. If the facts are as recorded by Murray the tree will now be 309 years old."—ED.]

## FARMERS AND SUPERSTITION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—“Dinna coont the beasties, mon, for it's nae lucky.” Thus spoke a West of Scotland farmer with whom I lately passed a pleasant day, as, on being shown his unrivalled fold of Highland cattle, I began to compute their number. The worthy Gael afterwards explained to me that in the land of hards and seers there are several occult but well defined laws relating to the management of cattle which cannot be violated with impunity. The penalty for counting heads—as I had rashly attempted to do—is that the fold on which the flagrant indiscretion is committed will, within a short period, be woefully thinned by disease and death. It is stringently forbidden to exhibit to any stranger the exact quantity of a cow's lacteal yield, and it is conscientiously maintained that when this is done, either by accident or design, the milk supply of that particular animal will instantly and completely cease. In inspecting bovine stock in the Far North, one should never forget himself to the extent of giving expression to



A FINE SCOTCH SUNDIAL.

who followed Mr. Bolton's interesting account of Newliston last week. The sundial in the walled garden is one of a distinctive type, the lectern-shaped. The stone is curiously cut to provide space for several dials, and as the shape was clearly not dictated by æsthetic reasons it is worth considering how it came about. It has been suggested that it is intended to represent some forgotten type of astronomical instrument. Other dials of the same type exist at Neidpath Castle, Ruchlaw, Pitreavie Ardgowan and Woodhouselee. The type is characteristic rather of the seventeenth century than of the eighteenth.—F. S. A.

## CANON ELLACOMBE AND HIS GARDEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was much touched by Mr. G. H. Wollaston's sympathetic memories of Canon Ellacombe's garden published in your issue of February 19th, for I knew it well, and I think your readers may like to see the two photographs I send. Mr. Wollaston has taken us for a last look round the famous

Bitton garden. It is a place brimful of interesting plants, resulting from many years of devotion by the late Canon and his venerable father before him. It is worth recording that while the late Canon died at the advanced age of ninety-four, his father, the previous Vicar of Bitton, was writing on matters relating to the garden when he was ninety-two. They were two of the great master gardeners of the world, and the Vicarage garden at Bitton was made the home of rare and interesting plants from many corners of the earth. Many a little known and beautiful plant would for ever have been lost to cultivation had it not been for Bitton, whence plants were distributed



BITTON CHURCH.

unqualified admiration of any cow or bull, quoy or steer, otherwise the consequences may be disastrous. “Ye must either find fault with some points in the creature,” said my friend, “or else wet yer eye. I always wet my eye mysel’,” he continued, “when I see an extry bonnie beastie.”—X. Y. Z.

## SUNDIAL AT NEWLISTON.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I think the enclosed photograph will interest your readers

in a disinterested and generous manner. The late Canon, as Mr. Wollaston rightly says, held that no garden could flourish which was not constantly giving. It is impossible to think of the garden without its gardener; the two were inseparably associated with one another. And yet the garden might seem comparatively dull to those who have only a superficial knowledge or love of plants. There was no striving after unnatural bedding effects, no aim at colour schemes, and, singularly enough, no great speciality of genera. Plants were just put in here and there with no order beyond finding a place to suit them. The garden was small, with little or no room to spare, but it would be impossible to find another garden of its size so rich in species and varieties of hardy flowers and shrubs. Each little flower meant much to him. It was not merely a pretty bit of colour; he would tell you something interesting of its native haunts, its likes and dislikes, or its uses; to him it was a revelation of its past history, and he imparted botany and horticulture combined, helping others to find the same delights that had filled his life. With characteristic modesty he tells us in that delightful book, “In a Gloucestershire Garden”: “As I walk round my garden I read in every plant my own ignorance of its real history.” The great art of gardening is to know plants as he knew them, and I hope that his successors will cherish the garden he loved so well. In one respect the garden, as the photographs show it, is very unlike many which are illustrated



A BORDER IN CANON ELLACOMBE'S GARDEN.

in COUNTRY LIFE. It is wholly devoid of design. I imagine that Canon Ellacombe knew nothing and cared nothing about the architectural aspect of a garden, its artistic relation to the house, and the whole philosophy and practice which we sum up as “formal gardening.” To him a garden was a home for flower and shrub and tree, a place of hospitality for plants, but not a work of art in its own right; which goes to show that there are many sorts of gardeners and gardening, and all of them combine to make the complete story of the oldest pursuit and pleasure of mankind.—OBSERVER.



# LITERATURE

## THE ART OF WRITING

EVERYBODY interested at all in literature will be stirred to attention by the publication in book form of the lectures *On the Art of Writing* (Cambridge University Press), by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. This for three reasons. As "Q" he won fame as a writer; he is the Edward VII Professor of English Literature; and it is of national consequence that sound views of writing should be instilled into the young minds of the day. In broad terms it may be said at once that the book is good. Sir Arthur combines the frankness of an English gentleman with the "pawkins" of an old-fashioned Scot. He sees that good writing is essentially good breeding, or that here, as elsewhere, "Manners maketh man." The point has been made very clearly by Newman, from whom two passages may be quoted as symptomatic of a thought never absent from his mind. In the first he furnishes the lighter argument that

a certain unaffected neatness and propriety and grace of diction may be required of any author, for the same reason that a certain attention to dress is expected of every gentleman.

In the second extract the argument is set forth with his stately and characteristic dignity and fulness:

He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out . . . If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength in trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they found it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion; but he is too clear-sighted to be unjust. He is simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive.

Now, although no lectures, no teaching can be guaranteed to turn an undergraduate into a Shelley, seeing that his career is limited by the capacity of his mind, yet he may be as adequately trained to be a gentleman in print as to be one in evening dress. He may be made to know that the worst defects of writing are those of ill manners. A bad writer uses tinsel decorations, such as unnecessary adjectives and far-fetched expressions, just as a vulgarian flaunts dress and jewels. Both are "loud." In writing, the rudeness of egotism is more apparent than in speech. Aggressiveness, false, misplaced emphasis and inattention to another's point of view are more boring and distasteful in print than in conversation. Sir Arthur's cure for these faults is the cultivation of Accuracy, Perspicuity, Persuasiveness and Propriety. Of the first it is sufficient to say that the final aim of speech is to be understood. In forcing himself to be intelligible to his hearer, the young writer will often achieve the surprising feat of understanding himself. The value of accuracy is equally evident. Sir Arthur holds that the pursuit of these two aims will lay the foundation of style. Bad writing often springs from a wrong belief that thinking and expression are two different things, as though the latter were a trick or a gift. Once when a Philistine of this order congratulated Tennyson on his "heaven-born gift of expression," he answered almost in the words of Goethe, "It did not come to me in my sleep." Our author once again appeals to Newman. From the fine passage cited we take the first lines as clear and sufficient:

Thought and speech are inseparable from each other. Matter and expression are parts of one; style is a thinking out into language.

When we come to the third of Sir Arthur's attributes of good writing we pass from the rudiments to the refinements, from journeyman work to art. We cannot do better than begin by quoting our author's definition:

*Persuasiveness*: of which you may say, indeed, that it embraces the whole—not only the qualities of propriety, perspicuity, accuracy, we have been considering, but many another, such as harmony, order, sublimity, beauty of diction; all in short that—writing being an art, not a science, and therefore so personal a thing—may be summed up under the word *Charm*.

To the essentials of persuasiveness as given there should be added "sympathy," the word being used in its primary sense of "feeling with." Its exercise depends on understanding. To persuade an individual it is of little use to overpower him with argument unless you are able to penetrate his mind and understand his point of view. To exercise this charm over the public an insight is required into the mainsprings of human nature, its sympathies, hopes and aspirations, passions and regrets. Instead of enlarging upon this theme let us follow the professor into the side lane it

leads him to explore. "I want you to practise verse and to practise it assiduously," he says to the students and then goes on to argue that the future of poetry is in their hands.

It is—however dishonouring to us as a nation—certain that, by some fault in our commonwealth, the poor poet has not in these days, nor has had for two hundred years, a dog's chance. Believe me—and I have spent a great part of the last ten years in watching some 320 elementary schools—we may prate of democracy, but actually a poor child in England has little more hope than had the son of an Athenian slave to be emancipated into that intellectual freedom of which great writings are born.

This is indeed a hard saying, but one difficult to gainsay. Among the men of great importance in this day are many who have worked up from the ploughshare to the highest position. They are to be found in the Army, the Civil Service, commerce, engineering, and other fields of practical work, but not in poetry. Sir Arthur asks:

What are the great poetical names of the last hundred years or so? Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Landor, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Morris, Rossetti, Swinburne—we may stop there. Of these, all but Keats, Browning, Rossetti were university men; and of these three Keats, who died young, cut off in his prime, was the only one not fairly well-to-do. It may seem a brutal thing to say, and it is a sad thing to say, but, as a matter of hard fact, the theory that poetical genius bloweth where it listeth, and equally on poor and rich, holds little truth.

During the eighteenth century many poor Scottish boys rose to literary eminence, but perhaps this may be explained by the tincture of learning that pervaded the whole country and emanated from the excellent system of parish schools. The universities took a pride in being accessible to the poorest. Carlyle's father was only a stonemason; Burns and the Ettrick Shepherd came directly from the soil; Hugh Millar rose from the ranks. It is not a comfortable reflection that the English poor poet child of to-day has no chance, that his talent is destroyed by the grind of modern conditions. Can anyone explain why so many painters, in comparison with the small number of poets, have risen from obscurity?

Appropriateness or propriety is "taken as read." We suggest the addition of another element, brevity. Its opposite, prolixity, is the bane of modern prose and verse. Many of our younger poets seem to pride themselves on their skill in beating out a modicum of poetic thought into a wilderness of paper, instead of giving it in strong and concentrated form. Also, it must ever be borne in mind that the admirable rules and principles laid down by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch are of use only to those who have something to express. Poetry must be eventually judged by its humanity and that alone. Schools and fashions, tricks and meretricious appeals are to be got rid of. In the end the poet must be in a small or in a great way a seer and interpreter whose appeal is to something never absent from the heart of men.

We have touched only on a single feature of this remarkably able and attractive volume, but we commend it warmly to the attention of our readers as one that will be the better appreciated the more it is read.

## LITERARY NOTES

### WHAT IS JARGON?

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, in the new book which is reviewed on this page, throws in an extra chapter which he calls "Interlude: On Jargon." Delighted with the vigorous denunciation of which it consists, I was nevertheless at a loss to understand exactly how to explain the word. "Prose which is not Prose" is clever, but indefinite. The useful Murray has a fascinating dissertation on the word. In its original French form it meant the warbling of birds, and the early quotations to show its use in this way are extremely pretty. "And ful of Iargon as a flekked pye," is a phrase of Chaucer's, and as late as 1853 the "sweet jargon" of birds finds a place in literature. A meaning more germane to the purpose is "Unintelligible or meaningless talk or writing; nonsense, gibberish." But this does not exactly apply either. Bacon's reference to jargon as "verbal cipher" represents an obsolete meaning of the word. At last, after working through all these, comes the explanation which will best go with the text. It is "Applied, contemptuously to any mode of speech abounding in unfamiliar terms, or peculiar to a particular set of persons, as the language of scholars or philosophers, the terminology of a science or art, or the cant of a class, sect, trade, or profession."

### JARGON AND JOURNALESE.

Jargon, according to our mentor, must not be confounded with Journallese, though the two overlap and have a knack of assimilating each other's vices. I gather that it is Journallese to say "adverse climatic conditions" for "bad weather." The following words are not to be used by self-respecting citizens: "obscure," "recrudesce," "envisage," "adumbrate." On the Index Expurgatorius are to be put such phrases as "the psychological moment," "the true inwardness," "It gives furiously to think"; with the Latin "sub silentio," "de die in diem," "cui bono?" To employ any of these

words is to poach on the preserves of the journalist. He may use them, because, in his way, he is an artist who daubs paint of this kind upon the lily with a professional zeal. At any rate, the journalist has usually the excuse of energy begotten of hurry, but jargon is futile and languid; yet it is becoming the language of Parliament, Boards of Government, county councils, syndicates, committees and commercial firms. Mr. Asquith shows himself a master of jargon when, instead of saying "No," he replies to a question, "The answer is in the negative." Other Ministers, unfortunately, have followed his example. Words to be carefully scanned by those who would avoid jargon are "case," "instance," "character," "nature," "condition," "persuasion," "degree." The professor's advice to his pupils is, "Whenever in writing your pen betrays you to one or another of them—pull yourself up and take thought." These precepts are supported with modern instances drawn from Parliamentary reports, financial articles, committee's rules and the leading daily newspapers. One of these examples will show clearly what the author means. It is taken from the verdict of a coroner's jury in the West of England: "We find that deceased met his death by an act of God, caused by sudden overflowing of the river Walkham and helped out by the scandalous neglect of the way-wardens." Every young writer should read and read again this homily on jargon. It will teach him to scan his own sentences vigilantly for the unnecessary, vague and meaningless words which produce dulness where prose was required.

#### STRANGE BEDFELLOWS.

The illustration of verse is always a mooted and difficult question because "the Poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling" is supposed to behold things so intangible that they cannot be caught by brush or pencil. Mr. Clutton Brock has got out of the difficulty in a way as successful as it is original. On the principle that everything should be judged by the end, a benediction may be pronounced on the combination of writing and picture. Yet, if one and the other were merely described by a severely accurate pen, the reader would expect to find monstrous incongruity. Mr. Clutton Brock writes with pellucid clearness. His theme is perhaps not very novel, but in these days it is difficult to find novelty. Simpson of *Simpson's Choice* (Omega Workshops) is a suburban incarnation of the spirit that animated the "Holy Willie" of Burns and later on Mr. Kipling's "Tomlinson", the religious or other atmosphere being in each case but an accident of the time. Mr. Clutton Brock's writing in this poem has admirable point. Not a word is wasted, never a line over emphasised. It is about the last poetry in

the world that we would have expected to have a futurist illustrator. But there it is. The cover is grotesque to the point of hideousness, and at a first glance the woodcuts look like mere grotesqueries, too—things that Blake might have perpetrated at his least inspired moment. But closer acquaintance endears Simpson to us. His attitudes and figure suggest exactly the man who found Heaven in the Cromwell Road. The sleek devil who persuades him that it is Heaven and not Hell is the most insinuating devil in a quiet way that we have ever come across. But, best of all in our opinion is the prodigal brother who was damned in this world, but in that to which he had gone does not mistake the Cromwell Road for Paradise, and is not without hope of attaining to a true felicity, bad as he has been in this terrestrial life—and his iniquities are described without wincing. But the artist with a few deft lines has given to this scapegrace a kind of expression of wrecked nobility that confirms our acquaintance with him. We speak chiefly of the picture opposite page 6, where the prodigal, the devil and the unspeakable Simpson make a most remarkable trio, that interprets as closely as it could be interpreted the work of the poet. Perhaps that is not altogether a compliment to Mr. Clutton Brock, for the vision and the faculty divine, when they are exercised to the full, raise dream figures that each man shapes for himself. A Juliet, a Rosalind never can be pictured for this very reason, and I confess never to have come across a satisfactory portrait of Shakespeare's fat knight. It has been proved a possibility to show Dickens in picture as effectually as in print. You could not do so to Jane Austen.

HENRY JAMES  
AND RUPERT  
BROOKE.

Probably the very last piece of literature composed by the late Mr. Henry James is the most charming appreciation of Rupert Brooke, which is prefixed to the *Letters from America* just published by Sidgwick and Jackson. The volume has as frontispiece a portrait of Rupert Brooke, which might have been that of an ideal poet, so lovely is it in promise as well as beauty, though it should have had under it Mrs. Cornford's unforgettable line, "Magnificently unprepared for the long littleness of life." Something will be said later about this memorable essay, but here is an interesting scrap of biography for the moment. Rupert Brooke was one of three sons of a housemaster at Rugby, where he was born in 1887. His elder brother died before his father in 1910, and the younger fell fighting shortly after his own death. What a brief but eloquent chronicle!

And now let me introduce Sir Peregrine Falcon, K.C., a *jeu d'esprit* of Sir F. Carruthers Gould, with more to follow.



SIR PEREGRINE FALCON, K.C.